The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Challenge of 1933

THE NATION ENTERS THE NEW YEAR in a new spirit.

Some of the illusions of preceding New Year periods are gone. We all know now that we are in the midst of a major depression, and that there is no easy or short way out of it.

Gone is all the one-time cocksureness of the journalistic and economic New Year's eve prophets.

But tho humbled in spirit and disillusioned, the American people, judging from their spokesmen of the press, face another year of hard times with eyes open and heads up.

We are reminded in editorial after editorial that we know what we must do, that the disasters of 1930 and 1931 and 1932 clearly indicate the duties of 1933. As the St. Louis *Star* puts it:

"Shall the United States rebuild temporarily on the ruins of unchecked competition and ruthless deflation, or permanently on the sound foundations of controlled production, with profits guaranteed by the buying power of labor and the spread of all the work among all the people?

"Have we the intelligence, as a nation, to grapple with this problem, and settle it intelligently?

"That is the challenge which the experience of 1932 offers to the year 1933."

"Come On In, the Soup's Fine!"
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

Perhaps history will say "that 1932 is the year in which America awoke," reflects the Dallas *News*. Our old "new era" of the boom days was chiefly memorable for its forgettings, suggests the Wichita *Eagle*, and as we remember the fundamental truths that have endured through the ages, "as part of a recovered mental attitude they will make 1933, whatever betide, happier for everybody."

AND so we find running all through editorial comment from all over the country a feeling of confidence, even tho the writers may be unable to find any statistical evidence of betterment. Perhaps it is a stoic confidence, remarks the Boston *Herald:*

"Things have gone badly, very badly, but somehow the country goes on much as it always has. We all live, indeed, on a modified program of life, and many of us have been forced to change our habits radically.

"But despite all our worries and fears, we know now that we can live through adversity as well as through prosperity, and that even if things should get worse, we should pull through somehow."

True, 1932 "dumped a terrific accumulation of unfinished work on the doorstep of its successor," says the Springfield *Republican*, "but at least nothing has been done that need block a resolute effort to clear up the sorry mess into which the affairs of the world have been allowed to fall." We now know that the situation calls for extraordinary treatment by all the great governments of the world, and, declares the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*—

"That knowledge, acquired only through bitter experience, was absent at the start of 1930, was not understood at the start of 1931, and was obscured by emotionalism at the start of 1932. It is the basis of all efforts at the start of 1933."

INDEED, statistical ground for hope is discovered by *The Wall Street Journal*. It is impress by the fact that the most critical months were in the first half of 1932, and that in the face of a formidable array of adverse economic and political influences, "the volume of current business fairly held its ground during the second half of 1932." Indeed, "despite the political revolution, the default of one of the great Powers on its war-debt annuities, and persistent tho slower price decline of important commodities, the security markets end the year materially above the 1932 low levels." And so it is as nearly certain to *The Wall Street Journal* "as such an early general inference can be, that we are beginning to feel solid ground under our feet." On the whole, similarly concludes the Manchester *Union*, "1933 may be regarded as a year of opportunity."

WITH the daily press of the country facing the new year in such a spirit, we find the expert financial and economic analysts a little more guarded, a bit more inclined to weigh the favorable and unfavorable evidence, to emphasize the obstacles in the path and the difficult tasks that must be undertaken.

We might begin at Boston with the annual review of the Cambridge Associates. In the opinion of their spokesman, Mr. William T. Cobb, "the greatest stride taken in 1932 may well turn out to be the realization that the depression was purely a man-caused effect, and that the trend of 'hard times' could be reversed":

"The type of thought which exprest itself in such phrases as 'when the clouds roll by,' 'when the sun shines again,' 'when the

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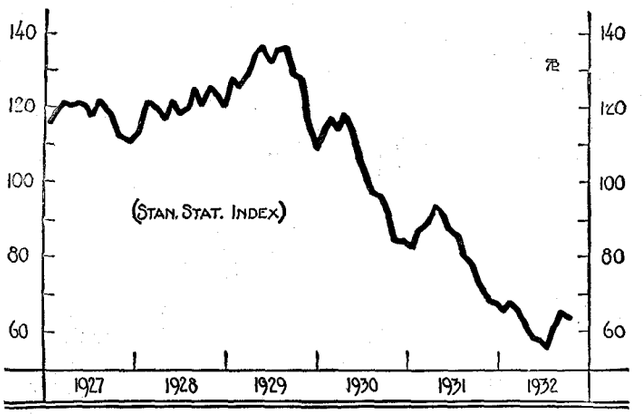
tornado has spent its force,' placing the responsibility upon obstinate nature, became outmoded by a realization of the fact that things could be different, if certain fundamental actions were taken. We are now making certain of what those things are, and debating ways and means—a giant stride. We have not become



Cambridge Associates, Boston

Industrial Production in the United States

a nation of savants, but at least we do not wait, as one waits for a train, for something that we can neither help nor hinder."

The outstanding problems which still remain to be solved involve, in the opinion of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, "a further deflation of indebtedness and the adjustment of the prices of manufactured goods and services to a lower level." The prospect is, we are told, "that this will be such a slow and difficult process that more than a moderate improvement can not be expected for 1933."

But here comes a rather astonishingly definite and optimistic forecast from the United Business Service of Boston:

"Total volume of business in 1933 is expected to be from 5 per cent. to 8 per cent. above 1932. The trend will be irregularly upward. Trade will be less than 1932 in the first half, but above 1932 in the second half."

Almost as precise is that experienced forecaster, Roger W. Babson. He is very positive: "Volume of business in the United States will get back to normal by the end of 1934." What he means is, "that will be the mathematical transition point from depression to expansion." He adds in the New York *American* that "the psychological transition point will occur when the majority of business indicators cross the year-ago line, and that may be in 1933."

The "improvement in business psychology" is the chief advance brought by the passing of 1932, declares A. C. Ernst of the accounting firm of Ernst and Ernst. He is aware of "a new courage for the future and a fighting spirit in all walks of life." But he points out that 1933 brings very definite obligations:

"We must face the extraordinary adjustments resulting from the past three years of extreme deflation. Fixt charges, whether they be for debt service, taxes, or the results of over-expansion, must be dealt with on sound business principles. Debt instalments must be refunded upon a conservative basis if payments can not be met."

Guardedly hopeful are New Year's statements sent out by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. As Chairman A. W. Robertson puts it:

"The future is uncertain and vague in detail, but we can see enough to know that 1933 will be a year of gradually improving business. The most hopeful sign is the improved point of view of industrial leaders. The discouraged have passed out of the picture, and men of courage and youth are in command."

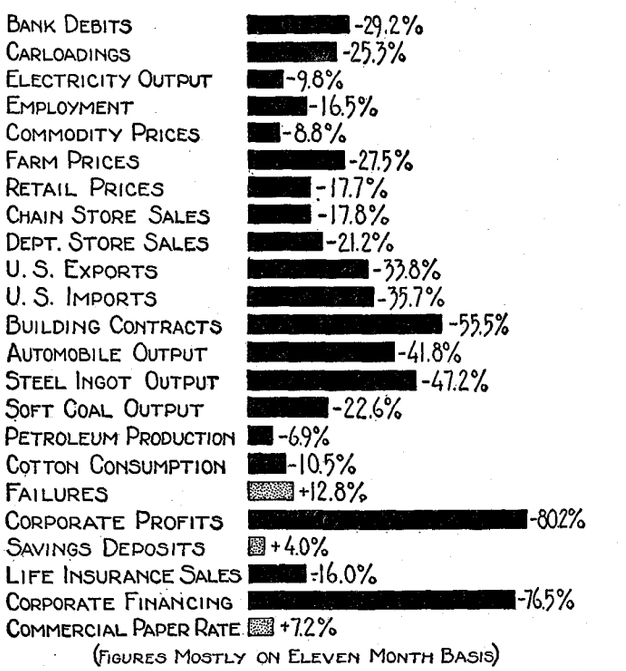
In its little periodical, *Credit Where Credit Is Due*, the Commercial Credit Company of Baltimore suggests that 1933 "will be a year in which the fundamentals, if undisturbed, favor a substantial measure of recovery, but in which recovery will defer its start until the political hazards have been appraised."

Perhaps Mr. Francis H. Sisson, president of the American Bankers Association and vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, is a natural spokesman for the banking fraternity. In a recent address he listed favorable and unfavorable year-end factors. Among the good ones which he declared outweighed the bad, he cited:

"The somewhat stronger bond market.
"The credit relief measures that are helping many industries.
"The steadiness in electric power consumption.
"The inflow of a considerable amount of gold into the United States.
"The fact that the gold standard of this country is not endangered.
"The low level of inventories of finished goods.
"The continued decline in commercial and banking failures.
"A further increase in factory employment and pay-rolls.
"A continued gain in bituminous coal production.
"Higher prices for some farm products.
"A seasonal expansion in foreign trade.
"Excess bank reserves at new high levels for the year.
"A decline in the hoarding of money.
"The reparations compromise at Lausanne."

And these are the unfavorable factors listed by Mr. Sisson:

"The decline in the exchange value of the pound sterling.
"Irregularity and weakness in commodity prices.
"The fact that the movement of railway freight has passed its peak and entered the period of seasonal decline.
"The failure of the automobile and construction industries to show definite signs of revival.
"The failure of commercial check payments to measure up in volume to seasonal expectations.
"The prospect of a special session of Congress.
"Political difficulties in Germany.
"Tariff barriers to world trade.
"Lack of a balanced Federal budget.
"The burden of additional taxation.
"The unsettled international debt problem.
"The unsettled disarmament question.
"Low corporation earnings.
"Low levels of purchasing power.
"Large stocks of raw materials."



Cambridge Associates, Boston

1932 Business Compared With 1931

Percentage changes in significant barometers

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The general feeling of confidence among Americans "that the worst of the depression is over, and that a durable recovery which will carry us back to prosperity is well on its way," impresses such a notable banker-economist-statistician-forecaster as Col. Leonard P. Ayres. In the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin*, Colonel Ayres uses several thousand words trying to show how difficult it is to make forecasts this New Year season. He is willing to venture, however, a few words of prophecy:

"For example, it seems likely that the value of our exports will be less in 1933 than in 1932. It seems probable that industrial wage rates will be lower at the end of 1933 than at the close of 1932. The trend of the cost of living in 1933 is likely to be a declining one. The number of commercial failures will probably be greater this year than last year. Dividend payments and interest rates on commercial paper will probably be lower in 1933 than in 1932. One may even hazard the estimate that the output of cars and trucks in the United States and Canada will be more than one million and a quarter, but less than two millions.

"More fundamental matters such as the probable volume of industrial production in 1933 as compared with that of 1932, the amount of building construction, the output of iron and steel, the production of electric power, the loadings of railroad freight, the volume of industrial employment, and the trends of security prices, may be so greatly influenced by political developments, as well as by more impersonal economic forces, that they defy prediction."

WHILE there have been fundamental gains in several directions during the last half year, Mr. Charles F. Speare of the Consolidated Press can not help concluding that "the outlook for the first half of 1933 is not promising":

"It contains the elements of unsettled business and probably new low levels of production in the major industries; continued unemployment on about the present scale; additional mercantile failures and railroad receiverships; distress in both industrial and agricultural communities, and not much prospect of an improvement in commodities so long as there are the existing abnormal supplies and the handicaps which tariff barriers impose against the free distribution of surplus products."

Prospects for 1933, in the opinion of *The Business Week*, "depend upon the speed of industrial and financial readjustment to present price levels or the possibility of raising them by monetary and credit measures." In the opinion of *The American Bankers Association Journal*, "the year 1933 is likely to be a year of adjustment in many lines, mostly a year of liquidation—internationally, nationally, and locally."

In its annual financial review the New York *Herald Tribune* features a statement by its special writer, Mr. Walter Lippmann, in which he declares that "the great event of 1932 was the conquest of panic and the restoration of courage—in high places and among people." During the year, he explains—

"The expectations of the boom years were abandoned, and in hundreds of thousands of undertakings men revised, reduced, reorganized. This is the very essence of recovery under capitalism. What made the year significant was that something like a majority opinion swung over from an attitude of resistance to readjustment to one of determination to carry it through. It is upon this change in opinion that the revival of confidence rests."

RALPH WEST ROBEY, the New York *Evening Post's* financial editor, points out that readjustment has been accomplished in several sections of the economic system, while the unliquidated portions "will continue to plague us during 1933." So "the outlook for 1933 depends, first, upon the strength of those sections of the economic system in which the liquidation has been completed, and, secondly, upon the attitude of Congress on the readjustments and other problems still confronting us."

Industrial, commercial, and financial leaders whose opinions are collected by the New York *Journal of Commerce* generally express "the belief that a moderate improvement in business conditions might be anticipated during the year of 1933." "Altho it is a debatable question whether the turn of the business tide can be said to have occurred in 1932," certainly, says *The Journal of Commerce* editorially, the year "witnessed a pronounced change for the better in the public attitude toward the problems of depression."

In his customary yearly fashion, Alexander Dana Noyes, financial editor of the New York *Times*, lists favorable and unfavorable factors. Among the former are the slight upward trend since last June, the elimination of a spirit of financial hysteria, the vindication of the gold standard, the fact that the

What a Family to Be Born Into!

—Talburt in the Washington "News."

election uncertainties are over, and an expected gradual resumption of American trade. Over against these he places the terrific pressure of domestic and international indebtedness and international trade barriers. These latter, he says, "will be outstanding problems for the coming year; but they are not new problems." Mr. Noyes thinks it is a hopeful sign that "the whole world recognizes further postponement of intelligent grappling with such difficulties to be out of the question," and "this opens up the possibility that the coming year may be a period of positive and constructive action—not, like the past two years, a period of temporary expedient."

TURNING to the more radical press, we find *The New Republic* suggesting that there are two normal preliminaries of revival of which it can discover no sign in any quarter—"One is the investment of large amounts of new capital in expanding industry. The other is a growth of foreign trade."

Finally, on the extreme Left wing, we find the Communist *Daily Worker* (New York) laughing to scorn what it calls the "flood of optimistic prophecies about the beginning of economic recovery" coming "from all capitalistic sources." It asserts that:

"This whole agitation, without any base in fact, is a continuation and intensification of the campaign to try to arrest and cripple the mass movement against hunger and for immediate unemployment relief, for unemployment insurance, for relief for the farmers and for payment of the soldiers' bonus.

"What are the facts that completely refute this campaign? They are to be found in the continued downward plunge of production, in the increasing ranks of unemployed, in the fall in payrolls even faster than the fall in unemployment.

"Before the facts of life these prophecies are blasted."

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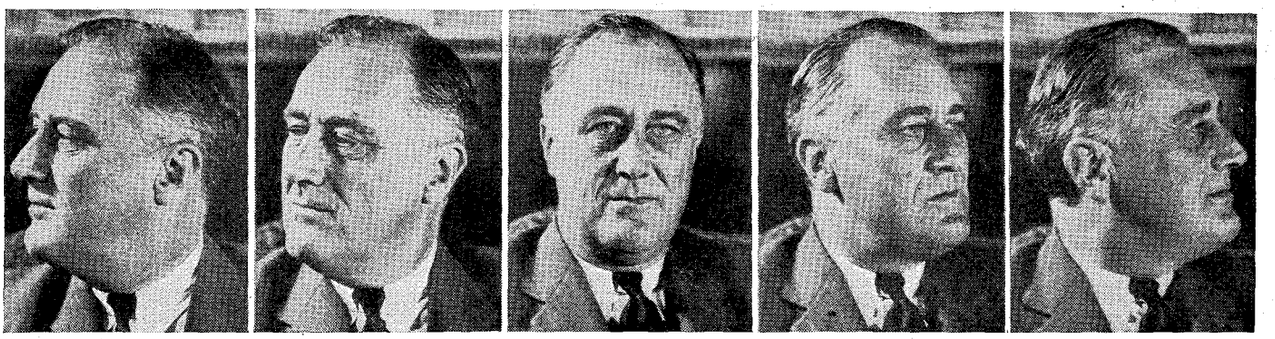

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Ready to Tackle "a Job for a Hercules"—Cutting a Billion Out of the $4,000,000,000 Budget

The New Ax-Man Rolling Up His Sleeves

"LET FRANK DO IT."

That seems to be the attitude of the Democrats in Congress as their leaders prepare to hand President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt a razor-edged ax to swing on government extravagance.

And the new ax-swinger, from all accounts, is eager for the job, ready to hack and slash, and willing to take all the blame for throwing out bureaucrats and eliminating needless jobs.

But can he do it? Can he come anywhere near his objective of reducing expenses by 25 per cent.?

"No one," says J. F. Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, "who has observed the utterly fruitless efforts in the past to pare down the overgrown Federal mechanism, believes for a minute that the thing can be done by Congress.

"It can be done only by the Executive, and only then by one who is brutally hard-boiled, who is blind to the sight of suffering and deaf to the plaintive pleas of place-holders."

Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt is going ahead with his plans. Even before he called Congressional leaders to a conference in New York last week to agree on the legislation to be pushed at the short session, it developed that he had not waited for Congress to give him power of reorganization before making a start in that direction. As Mr. Essary tells us:

"He is collecting intimate data bearing upon every bureau, every division, every board and commission, and all other Federal agencies having executive character. And a double armful he has; so much, in fact, that a digest of it has become necessary.

"If the authority is delegated to him to perform this major operation, whether in the name of economy or efficiency or both, he expects to be ready to act soon after March 4. If Congress, after all, reserves that power to itself he, at least, will be in a position to make what he hopes will be an unanswerable recommendation to the House and Senate.

"Meanwhile, word was passed out that the Republicans in Congress are prepared to stand aside and permit the Democratic scheme of delegating autocratic power to the President to effect governmental reorganization to go through without serious opposition. It is a disagreeable and politically damaging job, they say; Mr. Roosevelt is welcome to it if he wants it."

CLEARLY, the Democrats are in no mood to let President Hoover start the job. Unhesitatingly they have turned down all his recommendations. But Mr. Hoover would not let his own reorganization plan be throttled without a protest.

"The proposals of Democratic leaders in Congress to stop the reorganization of government functions which I have made is a backward step," declared the President. "The same opposition has now arisen which has defeated every effort at reorganization for twenty-five years."

Not only that, but "the proposal to transfer the job of reorganization to my successor is simply a device by which it is hoped that these proposals can be defeated."

Pointing out that "altogether, I have directed that fifty-eight boards, commissions, and bureaus should be consolidated into nine divisions," the President adds that—

"Either Congress must keep its hands off now or they must give to my successor much larger powers of independent action than given to any President if there is ever to be reorganization."

But despite the President's statement, writes the correspondent of the New York *Times*—

"Democrats in Congress were virtually unanimous in stating that none of the recent Hoover proposals for reorganization would be approved, and that, on the other hand, every effort would be made to give extensive powers in that regard to Mr. Roosevelt."

DEADLOCKS have developed not only in this, but in other major problems, the correspondents tell us. More than that, the Democrats in Congress, in the early weeks of the session, "showed a somewhat bewildered front and in some cases have exprest a floundering uncertainty as to what they wanted to do, or what the President-elect wanted them to do."

So writes John Boettiger in the Chicago *Tribune*, telling us that "this was demonstrated particularly when various Democratic leaders, including even Mr. Garner, Vice-President-elect, came out in favor of a general manufacturers' sales tax, only to be completely nonplused and shocked when Mr. Roosevelt, in Albany, exprest 'horror' at the thought that he had been represented as favoring such a measure."

It was in view of this anomalous situation, and after demands had been made that he definitely accept leadership, that Mr. Roosevelt called the Congressional leaders to the conference in New York City.

"Every major problem before Washington to-day," explains Theodore C. Wallen in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "awaits the word of the incoming President"—

"In the demand for him to step in and take charge at once, precipitated by his rejection of the sales tax for balancing the budget, and accentuated by steps to grant him immediate dictatorial powers to reorganize the Federal Government, Democratic leaders emphasized that, pending his decision, Congress was tied up over these immediate questions:

"Shall the budget be balanced, and, if so, when and how?

"Shall it be balanced on a pay-as-you-go basis, or by funding public works expenditures?

"Shall it be done with no entirely new taxes, and exclusively by retrenchment, assuming failure of the beer bill?

"Shall the final determination be put over into an extraordinary session?"

Showing us the gravity of the legislative deadlock at a time when many major problems are crying for action, Mr. Wallen points out that "even if Mr. Hoover lacks the influence to put any of his own policies through Congress, he still holds the power

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to check tendencies which he considers against the national interest." Furthermore, "in the three directions in which Congress has shown likelihood of progress, toward the return of beer, freeing the Philippines, and granting a new form of farm relief, the Presidential veto threatens"—

"The deadlock is made the more complete by the blocking or scrapping of every recommendation or policy which President Hoover laid before Congress. In the following respects has Mr. Hoover been turned back:

"His tax program, with the sales tax as its key-stone, has been scrapped jointly by Mr. Roosevelt and his Democratic leaders.

"His attempts toward immediate war-debt review and the development of American machinery for world economic cooperation have been abandoned for the lack of agreement between the President and President-elect.

"The President's economic program, involving an additional Federal pay cut and reduced compensation payments to veterans, has been sidetracked in the House.

"All Presidential appointments are tied up in the Senate, denied confirmation.

"The President's plan for consolidating Federal agencies is slated for Congressional disapproval.

"His demand for prompt balancing of the Federal budget as a paramount duty to preserve the national credit stands unheeded and is almost certain to be unfulfilled in this session.

"These are only the major Presidential policies sidetracked in the intense political warfare at the approach to the change of administration.

"With the Republicans in the House outnumbered and in the Senate rendered powerless by insurgent desertions there is nothing that the President can do about it."

And so, in view of this situation, the country is waiting to see what results the Roosevelt conference of last week will bring in the short time that remains before the inauguration on March 4.

A tentative Democratic program for meeting at this session the $492,000,000 deficit estimated by President Hoover for the next fiscal year features higher income taxes. It was announced as follows by Speaker Garner after the New York conference:

"We propose to meet the deficit by reducing the appropriations under the budget estimate to the extent of $100,000,000. We propose to reenact the gasoline tax to bring in an estimated revenue of $137,000,000. We propose to enact a beer tax to bring in at least $125,000,000. And we propose to levy other taxes to bring in from $130,000,000 to $150,000,000.

"We probably will do that by lowering exemptions in the income tax from $2,500 to $2,000 for married persons, and for single persons from $1,500 to $1,000, and by increasing the normal tax rate from 4 per cent. and 8 per cent. to 6 per cent. and 12 per cent."

Arguing earnestly that Mr. Roosevelt should take over leadership at once, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* says that—

"Even if the question of a special session is laid aside for the present, the demands of the immediate present are insistent enough to justify this effort to give direction and party authority and united leadership to the work of the Lame Duck Congress.

"For the inescapable fact is that President-elect Roosevelt is the de facto President of the United States. In all save name President Hoover has retired. His influence on Congress is negligible, and throughout the country his word counts for little."

Of chief interest to editors, apparently, is the new plan to slash government expenses.

Some are hopeful, others extremely doubtful that much can be accomplished. As the Boston *Post* says, Mr. Roosevelt's "promise to cut a billion dollars from a $4,000,000,000 budget is a job for a Hercules. That accomplishment alone will make his name memorable." Typical of the views exprest by the skeptics is the statement of Frank R. Kent in the Baltimore *Sun:*

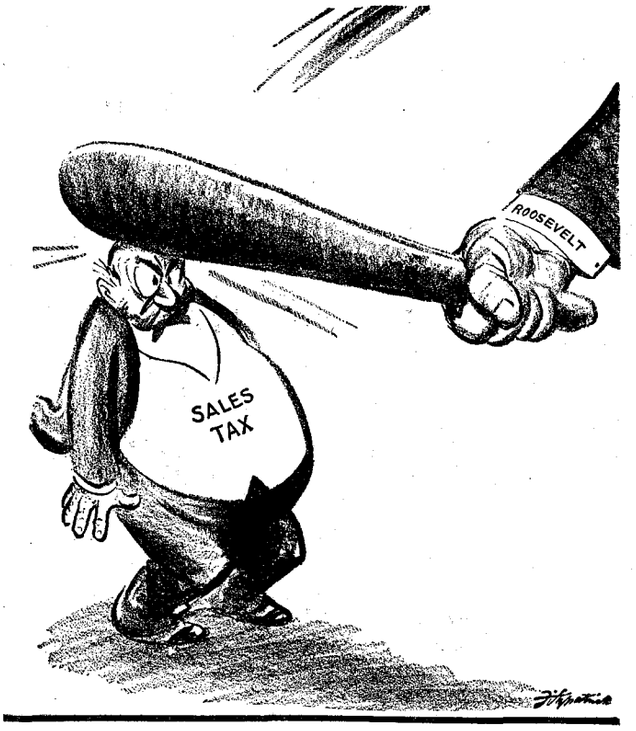
"The 'blanket authority' which it is proposed to have Congress give Mr. Roosevelt, to consolidate, merge, abolish, and economize when he becomes President, seems to have a hole in the blanket—and not a small one, either.

"For example, no authority is to be given him to reduce the veterans' compensation load, now over a billion dollars annually—and growing fast.

"Without that specific authority, it is difficult to see how the economies essential to balance the budget can be made or that definite pledge of a 25 per cent. cut in the expenses of the Government redeemed"

Along the same line, Mark Sullivan tells us in one of his copyrighted dispatches to the New York *Herald Tribune* that "Washington tends skeptically to think this is the same old story, that the forces which have prevented reorganization for twenty years now are doing the same thing in a new way"—

"The suspicion is in part probably unjust. President-elect Roosevelt may have the most earnest intention to do the work, and do it with great thoroughness. He may, however, have the experience of five Presidents preceding him in discovering that the forces opposed again will find a way to save what they regard as their vested interests."



The Return of the Big Stick

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

And the Philadelphia *Record* also thinks it "would be unwise to expect too much"—

"If we subtract the national defense, debt charges, veterans' relief, and public works from the budget, the total amount from which cuts can be made is little more than $600,000,000.

"Reductions in public works would hardly be true economy, and genuine reductions in either national defense or veterans' relief are hardly likely in this or any other Congress.

"The budget will not be balanced until business recovers, and attempts to balance it beforehand by taxes on consumption will only retard recovery without really balancing the budget.

"Let us have government economy by all means, but TRUE economy. It will not be true economy if made at the expense of relief to the jobless or of the public works which stimulate employment.

"And let us not have economy at the expense of the government agencies built up by a generation of effort to protect the consumer and to aid the poor."

But what we want is action, declare many papers. As the Boston *Herald* puts it:

"Most Americans do not care whether Federal expenses are slashed and the budget brought more nearly into balance by a Republican or a Democratic adminstration, or both.

"Nor does it matter to intelligent persons whether Congress or the President does the job. The public knows that gross extravagances persist, in spite of the brave talk of Republican and Democratic leaders.

"What is generally and ardently desired is an immediate cut to the very limit of safety."

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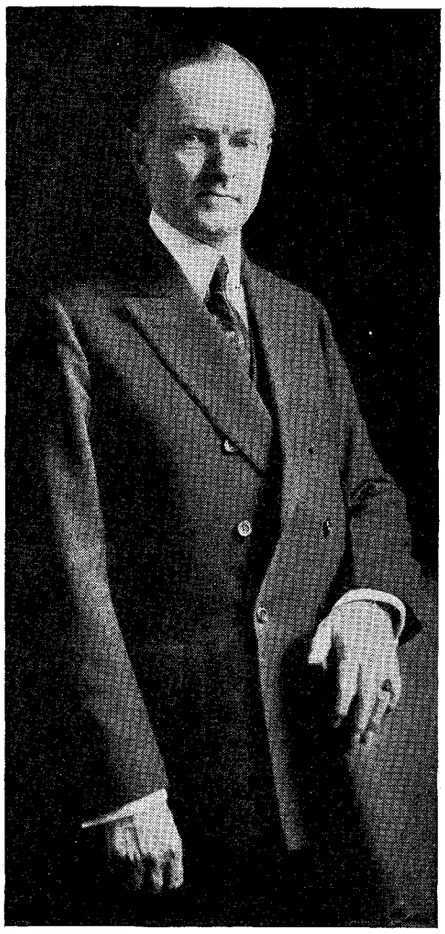
Calvin Coolidge, Prosperity President

"SOMEHOW I CAN'T BELIEVE HE IS DEAD." The words of James Lucey, Northampton cobbler-philosopher and Calvin Coolidge's friend, sum up the feeling of the nation as it mourns the passing of its only ex-President.

For Calvin Coolidge, in private life as in the Presidency, had become part of the American scene, seemingly as much a fixture as the granite mountains of his native Vermont, among which his boyhood was spent and his character molded.

He had become, as one writer puts it, an "almost mythical character, embodying the old-fashioned New England characteristics of frugality, conservatism, and horse sense." Deep and widespread, as the New York *Sun* notes, is the sorrow "over the passing of a gentleman, so modest, so free from vain ambition, so typical of old-fashioned Americanism, so devoted to principle."



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"Do the Day's Work"

So Calvin Coolidge summed up his ideal of public service.

IN the depths of this business depression it is but natural that press writers generally should reflect upon the fact that Coolidge was President when the country was enjoying the greatest prosperity in its history. In Washington, says a United Press correspondent, Coolidge "was the idol of a golden age." The New York *Daily News* remarks that he won the admiration and respect of his fellow citizens "by his shrewdness, his New England wit and taciturnity, his refusal to accept renomination in 1928, when he could have had it almost for the asking, and the fact that he was President during some of the happiest years the nation ever saw." As the New York daily continues:

"Some people were saying, months before Mr. Coolidge's death, that the present depression must be blamed pretty largely on our prosperity President. The gist of this charge was that Mr. Coolidge saw the depression coming on the heels of the boom, and that he could have warned the nation but chose not to do so.

"We don't take much stock in that accusation.

"Mr. Coolidge may have foreseen the depression. But that he was to blame for it, or for its severity and length, seems a pretty wild statement for anybody to make.

"The truth is, we think, that the world and all of us in it were to blame for the depression. As we have done after other great wars, we went on a big spending and speculating drunk after the World War. There was nothing chargeable to any one person in the fact that a terrific hangover followed the big drunk."

To many it seems characteristic of the man Coolidge that at the end, "true to the tradition of reticence that followed him through life, he died without even a cry for help," in his Northampton home, on January 5, in his sixty-first year.

And "Calvin Coolidge flashed into the life of the nation as suddenly as he died," reflects Raymond Clapper of the United Press. Three dramatic peaks, we are reminded by Mr. Clapper, stand out in the public career of Coolidge:

"The first was his sudden action in the Boston police strike, a dozen years ago.

"The second was the night in his father's farmhouse in Plymouth, Vermont, when he took the oath of office as President of the United States by the light of an old oil-lamp a few hours after the death of Warren Harding.

"The third was in August, 1927, at Black Hills, South Dakota, when he announced in ten words that he did not choose to run for President in 1928."

MR. COOLIDGE talked with Mr. Clapper for two hours, a little over a year ago, and happened to remark, "I feel fine, but I suppose I am all burned out now tho," and he went on to explain why he did not travel more, and make more appearances in public:

"If I travel, courtesy requires that I make speeches, sometimes, and there is always the danger of saying something that will cause embarrassment. I couldn't go to Europe without accepting honors and seeing people. I know that when I was in Washington I would not have wanted an ex-President poking around Europe. I had enough trouble with volunteer diplomats as it was.

"I don't want people to think I am trying to run the country."

In his twenty-five years of political life, in which Calvin Coolidge rose through minor local offices, the Massachusetts legislature and the Governorship to the Vice-Presidency and Presidency of the United States, he is said by the New York *Sun* to have met with only one defeat at the polls. And yet despite his growing popularity he remained, in the words of a New York *Evening Post* writer, "an undecipherable enigma" and an "anachronism"—

"In a time when the popular way of getting ahead is to talk your head off he kept silent. In the day when a successful man is he who takes a running start, leaps most of the mile-posts, and lands bedraggled on the top of some heap, he took things slowly, logically, ascending step by step. In the hour of the super-press agent, of paternal coddling by the political fathers, of baby-kissing, buncombe-shouting, he spent his spare time with a hoe on his father's farm in Vermont."

MUCH is written of the "Coolidge luck." Much is also being written of that complete popular confidence in Coolidge's personal integrity which won him the name "Honest Cal" in his Massachusetts days, and which kept his Administration from being sullied by the scandals which developed under his predecessor, and which were brought to light after his own accession to the Presidency.

Of Coolidge's service in the Presidency the Washington *Post* may be taken as representative of a host of newspapers when it says editorially:

"His sterling common sense saved the country from plunging into disastrous experiments in legislation and statecraft.

"He instituted drastic economies without impairing the public service.

"He was a good judge of men and inspired loyalty in all his subordinates. Throughout his Administration he maintained good relations with Congress. The country was exceptionally prosperous under his Administration."

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Bright and Dark Spots of Russia's Five-Year Plan

PUZZLED, IRRITATED, AMUSED, ALARMED, by the Communist experiment in the vast laboratory of Russia, the capitalist world now wonders what to think of the results of the Five-Year Plan.

Is it a success?

That, it seems, is hard to decide. Like everything else in the misty land of the Soviets, the results of the great program are shrouded in mystery, or interpreted differently, or tangled up in disagreement. A clear-cut answer is not to be found.

"The famous Five-Year Plan has had much the effect on the Russian people that a five-mile race has on a man," says the Boston *Herald* in a neat summary. "They stand panting and puffing, rather exultant about their accomplishments, but feeling very uncomfortable in their stomachs."

At the termination of the plan on December 31 (speeded up to end four years and three months after it began), "differences of opinion as to its merits are as keen as at first," writes Eugene Lyons, Moscow correspondent of the United Press.

"It has succeeded brilliantly in many directions, failed dismally in others. So the final balance sheet must be drawn, if ever, by future historians."

How Long Can He Keep It Up?

—Knott in the Dallas "News."

WITH that statement other American correspondents in Russia agree. From their dispatches one gains the general impression of a country that has forged ahead notably in many fields—but is so hungry that its chief thought is of food.

But before enumerating what the program has done, let us first glance at what it set out to do. It "contemplated colossal transformations in a nation of 170,000,000 people over the short span of five years," as we are reminded by Linton Wells, Moscow correspondent for Universal Service. Furthermore—

"It attempted to predetermine and provide for all economic life in all its manifestations.

"It decreed what should be produced, how much and for what purposes. It was an experiment to crown the work of socio-economic reorganization, and Josef Stalin, dictator of Russia, declared:

"'It must be fulfilled at any price.'

"The plan, as reviewed to-day, has been 'almost fulfilled,' but not to the extent planned on the basis of the almost astronomical figures set forth originally and revised in 1929 and 1930.

"But Russia, nevertheless, has advanced from a backward agrarian country toward a highly, but perhaps inefficiently, mechanized industrial nation simultaneously developing agriculture."

The Soviet leaders themselves feel that "the plan has been successfully carried out in the attainment of its broad general aim of establishing a base for industrialization," writes the Moscow correspondent of the Associated Press in a copyrighted dispatch.

"The nation now has a foundation of heavy industry, they assert, on which can be built future means of production without relying on foreign imports."

"A fair index for industry," we are told, "can be found in the record of the greater part of this year, showing less than 20 per cent. increase over 1931 in all industrial production, whereas a 34.7 increase actually was required to fulfil the general plan."

Again:

"Almost without exception, the yearly control figures were not met. On the other hand, every year has shown substantial production gains over the previous year. These increases, rather than the actual relation of accomplishments to the plan, furnish the yardstick by which officials measure progress.

"As the Five-Year Plan ends, the Russian masses are faced with a severe food shortage, which is the worst since the Plan began and responsibility for which can be traced directly to the subordination of light industry, producing consumption goods, to what the State felt was the larger necessity of creating its own heavy industry first."

THE decision to end the Five-Year Plan nine months short of the full five-year period may have been due in part to "the growing extent of the human strain" so that "a quicker start could be made in the improvement of living standards—one of the primary aims of the second Five-Year Plan beginning with the new year."

"Of the basic key industries—coal, pig-iron, steel, electrification, and transport—all are considerably behind the plan, and among other heavy industrial branches only oil and possibly machine building can claim fulfilment."

Altho "the food industry continues badly in arrears," we read that "the most phenomenal success under the plan is found in agricultural collectivization, which now amounts to 80 per cent. of the entire cultivated area, compared with 17 per cent. anticipated originally for the end of the Five-Year Plan." However—

"Against these successes must be balanced the growing sluggishness on the part of the peasants due to the Government's inability to supply sufficient manufactured goods. This condition also is responsible for the sharp decline in the purchasing power of the ruble, which now is at the lowest point since it was stabilized in 1924."

ONE of the most outstanding achievements under the plan, according to a Soviet authority quoted by the Associated Press, is that "for the first time the Russian masses have been taught to use their hands in modern industrial pursuits." And—

"On the credit side of the ledger must also be listed the complete abolition of unemployment, the eradication of illiteracy among more than 50 per cent. of the illiterate part of the population, and, in international affairs, wide successes in the conclusion of non-aggression pacts with neighboring countries in pursuance of the Soviet policy of peace."

Turning now to a Communist survey of Russia's program, we are told with enthusiasm that "no period in history can match

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the stupendous achievements of the Soviet masses in the course of the first Five-Year Plan."

That is the statement of N. Buchwald, writing from Moscow to the New York *Daily Worker*, a Communist paper. He adds:

"The unparalleled decline in the economic life of the capitalist countries emphasizes even more the great rise in the productive energy and the standard of living of the masses of the U. S. S. R.

"A backward agricultural country is being speedily industrialized; dozens of towns and cities have sprung up where formerly were swamps and wastelands.

"A firm industrial foundation has been laid by the building up of heavy industry for the production of machinery that is equipping factories which are producing goods for immediate use.

"Upward of 100,000 Soviet-built tractors, the huge extension of the sowing area and the development of the fertilizer industry have laid the basis for the tremendous increase in the productivity of the Soviet soil. Perhaps the greatest achievement of the Five-Year Plan consists in the complete transformation of the rural economy on a Socialist basis."

MR. BUCHWALD concludes his rosy recital by saying that "while the capitalist world sums up its losses, the Soviet Union counts its tremendous gains."

Despite this enthusiastic review, it is obvious from other dispatches that Russia still has a long, bitter struggle ahead. There is marked unrest, even in the Communist party itself. A head-line in the New York *Times* over a dispatch from Walter Duranty tells us—"Million Soviet Reds Face Party Ouster to Cut Inefficiency."

Then there is the peasant problem, how to overcome the apathy of the growers. To increase food production, Ralph W. Barnes tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune*, it is likely that the peasant will be taxed only for part of his crop and may sell the surplus.

American editors generally seem to take a kindly view of Russia's efforts, altho many are unimprest.

"Sovietism has just ended its first duel with human nature," is the way the Philadelphia *Record* puts it.

Of course, "dictatorship, autocracy have their advantages when it comes to efficiency at the cost of human labor," remarks the Cleveland *News*—

"Whatever we may think about Russia, we must concede that. But even had the Five-Year Plan succeeded 100 per cent., no true government of the people would care to undertake it. Government, according to the democratic way of looking at things, is for the people, not the people for the Government."

BUT many editors have a word of praise.

"The standard of Russian industry, agriculture, and mining has been improved more in the last four years," says the Troy *Record*, "than in the previous four centuries." And this paper also asserts that, "altho want, misery, and wretched conditions still prevail to a great extent in Russia, the Bolshevistic régime has taught the world the value of visualizing progress to the people of a nation."

Speaking for a number of papers, the New York *Times* says:

"It is impossible to appraise the results of the Five-Year industrialization plan until it has really taken on the character of a normal industrial plan. Hitherto it has been conducted in the spirit and with the methods of a war plan."

We in America have little reason to be self-complacent, some editors declare. Here is what the Tulsa *Tribune* says—

"The condition of slavery into which Russia's politicians have forced Russian workers is horrifying, but it is no more horrible than the experiences of millions of American workers at the hands of American industry and slipshod American politics in the last few years.

"Yes, what the Russian people are going through is bad. No civilized people ever experienced anything worse. But the American people may experience something infinitely worse if they do not wake up and demand correction of the faults in our system which the depression has revealed."

Must Job Insurance Fail?

"UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE can not be placed on a sound financial basis."

These words will have an ominous sound to our millions of unemployed—the American Federation of Labor estimates them at 12,700,000 this winter—and to the other millions haunted by the fear of losing their jobs, fear of destitution, fear of dependence upon charity.

The assertion that this proposed safeguard against the nightmare of the worker is destined to prove a failure is made by the National Industrial Conference Board, after a first-hand study of the experiment as tried out in Germany.

It will be recalled that the idea of insurance against unemployment has seemed to be growing in favor of late with both American labor and American industry.

At its annual meeting a month ago the American Federation of Labor went firmly on record for making such insurance compulsory, after previously opposing it as a menace to unionism. And it has been strongly advocated in a modified form by Gerard Swope, President of the General Electric Company, and adopted by the National Electrical Manufacturers Association, which is said to control nearly 90 per cent. of the country's electrical products. A number of States are considering unemployment-insurance legislation, and it is already in effect in Wisconsin.

THE report of the National Industrial Conference Board says that the greatest experiment in social insurance the world has ever seen was tried in Germany, and that it "practically ended" last June after being in effect for nearly five years. For the first three and one-half years, it states, the German unemployment-insurance fund showed a total excess of expenditure over income of $364,900,000, and the deficit was made up by the Government. Then drastic measures of economy were adopted, but failed to prevent the "collapse" of the plan. To quote:

"Germany's experience with unemployment insurance shows conclusively that no insurance system can be devised to take care of depressional unemployment, and that the cost of this unemployment falls largely on the State.

"There is no reason to believe that the experience of the United States would be different."

While some of our papers share the opinion of the Industrial Conference Board, others argue that the lesson to us is not conclusive. However, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the problem is complex, and "we must proceed with the utmost caution in framing any legislation to handle the question." And the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* reminds us that we must not expect any form of job insurance to "work miracles."

In emphatic disagreement with the conclusions of the Industrial Conference Board's report is Ernest G. Draper, vice-president of the Hills Brothers Company and a member of Governor Roosevelt's Committee of Employment Stabilization. There is no parallel, he says, between the German system of insurance and the plans contemplated for this country. And Prof. Joseph P. Chamberlain, of Columbia University Law School, is quoted in the New York *Times* as saying:

"The American plan is founded on the principle of providing a reserve through payments by industries, based on the pay-roll. The payments of each employer into the fund are a reserve for his account to pay to his own unemployed workmen. The amount of contributions of any particular employer will thus be diminished as he reduces unemployment in his plant and is able to give steady jobs to his workers. There will thus arise a definite pressure on employers to keep their men working steadily, for by so doing they will save money. The unemployment-reserve plan requires no State subsidy. The temptation to make the fund support the whole burden of unemployment with the help of the State Treasury, and thus to confuse the relative labor position of separate industries, can not result from the American plan."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

When playing bridge a good deal depends on a good deal.—*Punch* (*London*).

It is plain that the Greeks bought no Insull securities.—*Weston* (*Ore.*) *Leader*.

Among the things we have in too great abundance are legal ways to steal.—*Publishers Syndicate*.

Many nations appear to be off the golden rule as well as the gold standard.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

Darwin's stuff is hooey. A race that can't even get rid of armament never could have got rid of tails.—*New Britain Herald*.

A noted critic says people must have faith in their currency. Faith, as you know, is belief in things unseen.—*Palm Beach Post*.

If not entirely satisfied with your accomplishment, think of what Congress has not done.—*Washington Post*.

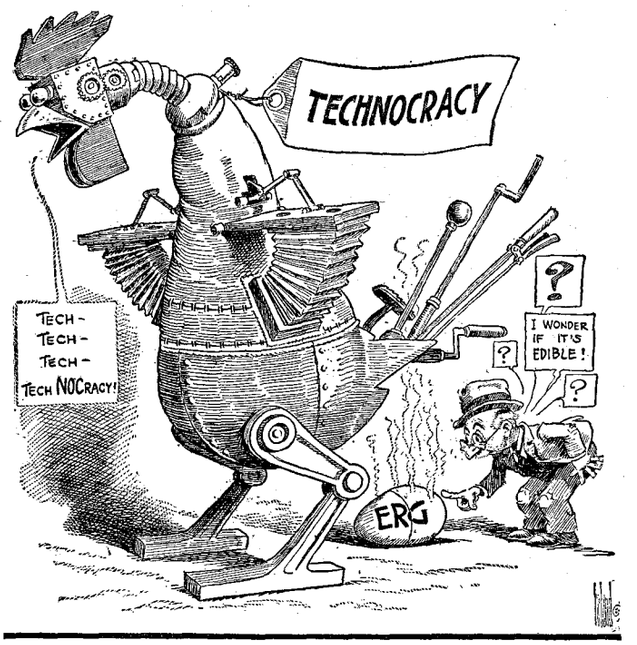
Human intelligence has about hit bottom when the tax-supported State lives better than the taxpayer does.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

We can't help but wonder just what Europe would do about it if Uncle Sam owed her some seven billion dollars?—*Florida Times-Union*.

We shall hold The Literary Digest infallible when it successfully forecasts a South American election three months in advance.—*Toledo Blade*.

Research of Chicago professor reveals average family has 3.4 members. The missing six-tenths accounted for by the fact father is a little short.—*Dallas News*.

The author of a startling movie on Southern prison camps has escaped another term in the chain gang only to see his story become a part of chain-drug-store literature.—*Chicago Daily News*.



What Is It?

—Ireland in the Columbus "Dispatch."

Real statesmen are men who can solve the grave problems that wouldn't exist if there were no statesmen.—*New Haven Register*.

Speaking of government economy, isn't it strange that the employees needed least are the ones who have no influence?—*Milwaukee Leader*.

The French are said to be becoming interested in the American chain-store method, but may not realize that one requirement is cash on the nail.—*Weston Leader*.

In the Far Eastern muddle everybody seems to be satisfied: The League of Nations has the Lytton Report and Japan has Manchuria.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

A writer says the entire 125,000,000 people of the United States must be jacked up to a higher economic level. Well, all we need is the jack.—*Greensboro* (*Ga.*) *Herald-Journal*.

Workmen unearthed a score of battle-axes, said to be more than 1,000 years old, in Buckinghamshire, England. Probably the site of a prehistoric peace conference.—*Palm Beach Post*.

A woman, says a Western sociological group, should not marry a man until she is sure she is his mate, or, at least, we venture to add, until she is sure she's a match for him.—*Boston Herald*.

A new device gives persons the illusion of going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.—Newspaper filler. Many of us are getting that feeling without the aid of any devices at all.—*Nashville Banner*.

A nation has about hit bottom when its premier can't survive a threat to be honest.—*Boston Post*.

The French Government, however, didn't fall quite as far as the French reputation.—*Los Angeles Times*.

The first thing you know we'll be haranguing the farmers to do something for city relief.—*Dallas News*.

Amateurs, Miss Didrikson, are those who never take anything unless it is called a scholarship.—*Sacramento Bee*.

The Mormon's Bible says April 6 is Christmas. Well, that's the day Uncle Sam entered the World War and began playing Santa Claus.—*Greensboro Herald-Journal*.

Some good method of ending government waste is known to every able politician who happens to be out of office.—*Minneapolis Star*.

By putting on a little extra steam it is still possible to keep up with the Joneses backing up.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

The most successful way to wage a war against governmental extravagance would be to fire a lot of our political big guns.—*Atlanta Journal*.

Where old Uncle Sam got snarled up was, he thought it was hands across the sea when what Europe meant was hand-outs.—*Macon Telegraph*.

One observer notes that while some think conditions will improve by leaps and bounds, others have faith in hops.—*Washington Post*.

Depression is blamed for sharp drop in Reno divorces. What's the sense in divorcing a man who can't pay alimony?—*Dunbar's Weekly* (*Phœnix*).

Personally, we are opposed to a mechanical civilization, but if it were not for the typewriting machine, would there be any stenographers?—*Dallas News*.

New York bankers force the city to cut expenses. They won't trust any insolvent concern unless it makes matches.—*Duluth Herald*.

The strange part of it is that so many Congressmen remember how beer affected them thirteen years ago.—*Shreveport* (*La.*) *Journal*.

Oh, how quickly the little ones grow up! It seems as if you no sooner get through sitting up with them than you're sitting up for them.—*Boston Herald*.

It is a curious paradox that the drys are joining the wets while the wets, tired of waiting, are getting drier every minute.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

How cruel to ask a nation to pay two cents of each tax dollar on its debts when it is spending only thirty cents of each tax dollar on armament.—*Hartford Times*.

The next Congress will be our seventy-third. Maybe that doctor was right in saying everything past sixty should be chloroformed.—*Greensboro Herald-Journal*.

It's no wonder we're all upset: Technocracy kicks our economic theories in the discard, France defaults, and now along comes Charles G. Dawes smoking a curved stem pipe.—*Palm Beach Post*.

Some of the dry Congressmen say the revenue from beer will amount to "only $125,000,000." When $125,000,000 is referred to as "only" usually it is taxpayers' money and a Congressman speaking.—*Macon Telegraph*.

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FOREIGN COMMENT

The Chino-Japanese Conflict at Shanhaikwan

WITH MACHINE-GUNS, bombs, and artillery from land, sea, and air, Japanese troops on January 3 completed their occupation of Shanhaikwan, the North China city situated just below the Manchurian border, where the Chinese Great Wall meets the sea.

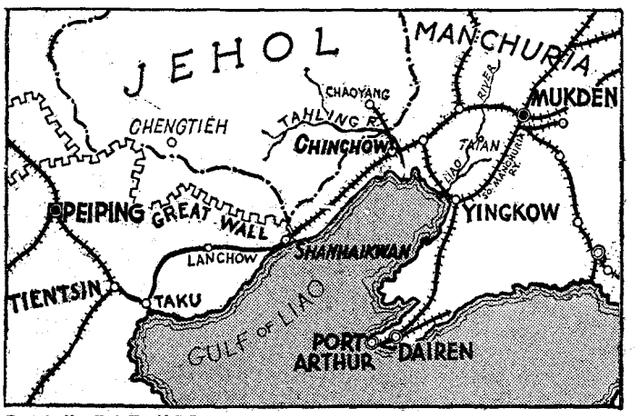
Observers at Tokyo believe that this new Manchurian conflict may lead to the taking by the Japanese of Jehol Province, and the extension of the hostilities to Northern China.

Aerial incendiary bombs set fast-spreading fires about the city of Shanhaikwan, say United Press Peiping dispatches. Historic Chinese buildings, temples, and the ancient drum tower were destroyed, as well as a section of the most perfect city walls in China.

The countryside around suffered because, as refugees from Shanhaikwan to Peiping allege, the Japanese destroyers, raining shells from the sea, did not find the correct range on the city for some time.

The refugees relate also that the Chinese defenders of the town fought to the last, and that when the civilians fled, several streets defended by Chinese soldiers were filled with dead and dying.

The battle ended, we are told, with 500 Chinese soldiers killed and the city of 30,000 population "a smoking ruin."



From the New York *Herald Tribune*

Shanhaikwan a "Smoking Ruin"

The Chinese garrison city inside the Great Wall which divides China proper from Manchuria was attacked by the Japanese with machine-guns, bombs and artillery from land, sea, and air until the Japanese took possession of it at the cost of many lives and an enormous and irreplaceable destruction of property.

Now the Japanese disclaim all responsibility for the Shanhaikwan hostilities, according to a copyright Shanghai cable to the New York *Herald Tribune* by Victor Keen, who informs us that they maintain that Chinese troops fired on Japanese forces when the latter were occupying the south gate of the city with the full permission of the Chinese chief-of-staff and the Public Safety Bureau. This correspondent goes on:

"The Chinese estimate that 5,000 Japanese soldiers, mostly of the Eighth Division, which a year ago yesterday, occupied Chinchow, Manchuria, 100 miles north of Shanhaikwan, now are concentrated at the Chinese city.

"An eventual Japanese campaign against the Province of Jehol is believed inevitable, but in most well-informed circles it is not expected until spring.

"While the Japanese authorities profess a desire to treat the Shanhaikwan hostilities as a local incident, the Chinese are watching developments closely, fearing that the last three days' fighting is only a prelude to large-scale military operations involving Jehol and the Peiping-Tientsin area."

The official Japanese charge of incitement against the Chinese, who they claim are seeking renewed support for China from the League of Nations, the United States, and Soviet Russia, appears in a statement issued at Tokyo by the Japanese War Office, in which we read:

"China adopted a plan to provoke Japan to fighting and gain renewed support from the League of Nations, the United States, and Soviet Russia. The recent transfer of troops to the Manchukuoan border was a manifestation of this plan.

"Chang Hsueh-liang incited the front-line troops to hostile action against the Japanese by supplying money, arms, and munitions. Chang also ordered the troops to advance into Manchukuoan territory.

"It would have been strange if the Chinese soldiers had not reacted to Chang's instigation. At Shanhaikwan, where Chinese and Japanese troops faced each other, hostile feeling ran high against the Japanese.

"Troops of the Chinese Ninth Brigade under Gen. Ho Chu-kuo assumed a challenging attitude toward the Japanese. The incident broke out in such an atmosphere.

"The incident was precipitated entirely by the Chinese. The direct motive which led to the fighting was a violation of the pledge of the Ninth Brigade not to fight and the throwing of hand grenades by members of the Chinese Volunteer Corps. The entire responsibility rests with the Chinese."

The Japanese "exercised the utmost patience and forbearance to prevent any untoward incident," in view of the fact that troops of the United States, France, and Italy are stationed in this district, the War Office statement proceeds, and because of the complicated international relations involved, and the fact that there are many Japanese residents in the district. But it is claimed:

"Since the Chinese resorted to provocation, the Japanese could not remain silent. Altho only a small number of Japanese troops, they resorted to measures of self-defense.

"The incident does not necessitate any change in Japanese policy, and if the Chinese prove their sincerity by taking proper steps to prevent the extension of hostilities, the Japanese Army will treat the affair as a local incident and will take no steps to aggravate the situation.

"Whether the present trouble ends or extends depends on the Chinese attitude. Gen. Ho Chu-kuo is sending reenforcements to the scene of trouble while simultaneously approaching the Japanese for a peaceful settlement. Such being the case, it seems hardly possible to state positively how the present situation will develop in the immediate future."

CABLED advices to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Tokyo and Osaka report that the Japanese newspapers are withholding comment on the Shanhaikwan battle, because, as Japanese editors explain, they consider it "purely a local incident."

Meanwhile, London Associated Press dispatches report an official Chinese warning that China will leave the League of Nations unless reasonable progress is made in applying the League's principles in the Far East. This warning was made by Dr. Quo Tai-chi, Chinese Minister at London, and head of the Chinese delegation to the League Assembly, who said:

"China's faith in the efficacy of the League's Covenant is approaching the vanishing-point."

T. V. Soong, acting president of the Executive Yuan (Council) and Finance Minister, assails Japanese action at Shanhaikwan, and warns his countrymen and the world of a renewal of the Japanese offensive in China. He is quoted in a Shanghai cable to the New York *Herald Tribune* as saying officially:

"It is not difficult to divine the motives for this drive. Jehol, the gateway to North China and Mongolia, long has been coveted by Japanese militarists, but as an attack on that mountainous province during midwinter presents difficult problems, it is hoped that the pressure upon Tientsin and Peiping through Shanhaikwan may result in its surrender without serious fighting."

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The impotence of the League in the Far East is emphasized in an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the London *Daily Telegraph*, in which we read:

"Should events drive the Committee of Nineteen to abandon the task of conciliation for the thankless one of endeavoring to ascertain the origins of the Shanhaikwan fighting and apportion the responsibilities, it is doubtful if any good result would be achieved, and existing dangers to League peace would be intensified.

"The League, which is predominantly an European institution, would have no means of imposing coercively its will upon the remote Far East. Moreover, the United States has made it perfectly clear that while it will indorse the League's condemnation of Japan's occupation of Manchuria on legal and ethical grounds, she will not participate in any sanctions.

"Also it is a fair assumption that no League report calculated to wound Japan or to compel her withdrawal would find unanimity at Geneva. Japan once outside the League would be far less subject to restraint, and the threat of a Japanese march on Peiping followed by a real Chino-Japanese war would then take a substance which at present it does not possess."

THE Japanese will go their own way, irrespective of the League's recommendations, remarks the Manchester *Guardian* in a tone of cynicism, and it continues:

"They may withdraw from membership, but at this stage that is by far the lesser of two evils. A strong unanimous report must be drawn up to show the world that nothing that Japan has done or will do by armed force will be acknowledged.

"The support of the United States is certain for this line of action. It is the only one which can preserve the League's prestige.

"If the Japanese push on into Jehol Province, it is probable that the Chinese delegation at Geneva will press for an earlier meeting of the Committee of Nineteen than that now scheduled for January 16, and might even summon the League Council.

"There is also the contingency that if hostilities spread, the Chinese may take matters into their own hands and resist the Japanese with a stubbornness similar to that which they displayed at Shanghai. It is said there are many military units which could be brought into action in Northern China."

A Loan That Makes France Blush

AMERICA HELPED FRANCE with men and millions. Yet the Chamber of Deputies refused to pay the December 15 War Debt instalment of $19,261,432, due to the United States. Since that date the French Parliament approved the loan of 350,000,000 francs ($13,720,000) to Austria.

This contrast affects some French editors and legislators with a sense of shame, for as the Paris *Intransigeant* asks:

"Did we refuse the other day our millions to the United States,

A French Slam

The Hat Trick, or How Uncle Sam Salutes Peace.

—"Le Rire" (Paris).

to whom we owe something if only gratitude, to give them to Austria, to whom we owe nothing except the shells she fired at us?"

L'Œuvre, spoken of sometimes as a Herriot organ, is of similar mind, and remarks:

"We shall be told that it is a matter this time of a vast international operation, in which it is well that we should participate. But payment of the December 15 maturity also was an international operation, with which we refused to associate ourselves."

SUCH criticism proceeds from the Left Wing French newspapers, but objections are voiced also from the Right, on the score of the financial unsoundness of the loan, especially as the market must absorb heavy government offers.

The loan, it is noted in Paris press cables, was recommended by the League of Nations to save Austria from financial collapse, and the participants are Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, which in conjunction with France, are to provide in all nearly $43,000,000 for the Vienna Government, on condition that Austria does not attempt to revive its ill-fated Customs Union with Germany.

Among other editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, we find the Right Nationalist journals, *Figaro* and *Echo de Paris*, condemning the loan on the grounds that it is unwise to lend to a former enemy, and that if the funds were available, it would be more reasonable to pay the United States. But a financial publication, *Journée Industrielle*, approves France's participation in principle in order to aid Central Europe to maintain Austria's political entity, yet it adds that "nothing indicates that the loan will relieve the Austrian crisis."

Le Temps and *Le Petit Journal*, both semiofficial independent dailies, express lukewarm approval, and point out that if France had failed to share in the loan, an Austrian-German tariff combine might have been formed, which would be injurious to France.

Littoria—Italy's New Town

MUSSOLINI'S Cæsarian operation in producing a new Italian town in the midst of the Pontine Marshes, close to Rome, which makes them habitable and tillable, is a new triumph for *Il Duce*.

Nero, the Cæsars, the Popes, and Napoleon I, according to the Rome correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, all attempted to drain the tract, which had become a fever-stricken fenland, probably because an earthquake destroyed the natural drainage about 300 B.C.

Fifty-five thousand men are now engaged in the Fascist land-reclamation scheme, and redeemed land has already given health and food to thousands. It is stated that more than 17,000,000 acres of swamps and mountain places have either been rendered fit for cultivation or are almost ready. *Il Duce* himself is quoted as saying:

"To find work for our growing population, it has hitherto been necessary to cross the Alps or the ocean. But to-day it is here, half-an-hour's journey from Rome, that we have succeeded in conquering a new province.

"This is but a fraction of the land we are going to reclaim. Internal work will settle the problem of unemployment before long, and Italians will not emigrate any more."

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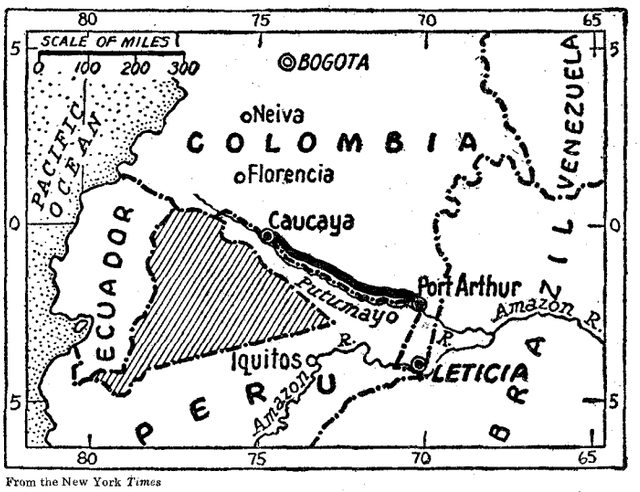
The Colombia-Peru Clash on the Amazon

A SOUTH AMERICAN VILLAGE OF 1,600 inhabitants threatens to bring Colombia and Peru, with 14,000,000 population, into a bloody war.

Leticia is its name, and, small as it is, it is the capital of the Colombian Intendencia of Amazonas. Surrounded by dense tropical jungles, it lies about 2,700 miles up the Amazon from Para, Brazil, and only 300 miles below Iquitos, the main Peruvian port on that river.

While the press of Colombia and of Peru lash bitterly at each other over the dispute, some editors in other South American countries wonder ironically, whether it is the destiny of that



From the New York *Times*

Where War Looms Over a Tiny River Port

Leticia and its environs, a village of 1,600 population, surrounded by dense tropical jungles, has been the subject of international differences for a century. Now Colombia and Peru are flying at each other's throat over this ill-starred region.

Continent to wage war forever over jungle land that can be populated only with great difficulty.

Brazil is perturbed over the conflict because her neutrality is involved, and it is even hinted in some press cables that Brazil may decide to terminate existing treaties under which Colombia and Peru have the right to navigate the Amazon River through Brazilian territory as an international waterway.

FOUR Colombian naval vessels carrying munitions, supplies, and one thousand soldiers, were reported in Para Associated Press dispatches of January 2 as steaming up the Amazon toward the region of Leticia.

The movement is regarded as the beginning of a drive to recover Leticia from the Peruvians, who are said to have a strong force, including airplanes, in the disputed area.

To safeguard its interests, we are told, Brazil has 400 soldiers at the frontier, 1,100 more men on the way up the Amazon, with 500 ready to sail. According to Brazilian military authorities, the principal object of their "detachment of observation" is to prevent the "invasion and transit in Brazilian waters of foreign troops, arms, and munitions."

The trouble began when Peruvian irregulars seized Leticia on September 1, imprisoned Colombian authorities, confiscated customs funds, and took possession of public buildings. Since then, Para (Brazil) United Press dispatches advise us, Peru has refused to oust them, claiming that the taking of the village was the result of the "national aspirations" of the natives of the Peruvian province of Loreta, who want Leticia reincorporated into Peruvian territory, and we read:

"Leticia and its environs have been the subject of international differences for a century. Lengthy diplomatic negotiations concerning Leticia and the surrounding territory, lying between the Amazon and Putumayo rivers, and once the scene of a big rubber boom, culminated in the Salomon-Lozano Treaty, signed March 24, 1924. By this treaty Colombia accepted the Putumayo River as its southern boundary with Peru and, in turn, Peru recognized Colombia's sovereignty over a 'corridor' connecting the Putumayo and the Amazon, and giving Colombia an outlet on the world's largest river. Leticia is at the end of this corridor, and was to have been Colombia's main port on the Amazon."

"IF Colombia wants war and looks for war, she will find war," angrily declares *El Comercio* of Lima. But, this newspaper goes on to say, in an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, Peru "wishes peace, and is sure that both countries will be able to reach a reasonable agreement on the Leticia conflict," yet it adds:

"Peruvian pacifism does not mean that Peru would yield under Colombia's threats and would abandon the Peruvians at Leticia to be slaughtered."

Editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Colombia press reveal the Bogota *Tiempo* retorting sharply to the foregoing remarks of *El Comercio*, and charging that Peru represents international "filibusterism." *El Tiempo* minces no words:

"Peru trusted after her aggression against our sovereignty and her violation of a public treaty that she would remain unpunished.

"If the continent is bathed in blood it will not be the fault of Colombia, which actually is only defending justice and right.

"If the attack on Leticia remains unpunished, then the peace of America will be gravely threatened in the future, as all the American frontiers were made on the basis of treaties like the Salomon-Lozano agreement. If this is destroyed, then the others will be destroyed on any pretext to-morrow.

"The cause of Colombia is the cause of America. Peru now represents international 'filibusterism,' which must be destroyed in the cradle."

VERY different is the restraint of the Brazil press, which as a whole refrains from commenting editorially, except to praise the Government's stand on enforcement of Brazilian neutrality.

But the efforts to settle the dispute through a neutral commission, says *Diario de Noticias* of Rio de Janeiro, are practically valueless. Such attempts are based on Utopian dreams, as demonstrated by the Chaco case between Bolivia and Paraguay, according to this newspaper.

A note of cynicism appears in some editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Buenos Aires journals, as when *La Nacion* laments sadly:

"It can not be doubted that something has changed this continent. It appears to exist in a state of collective misunderstanding."

The Peruvian Government is trying to hold a plebiscite at Leticia, which moves the Buenos Aires *Noticias Graficas* to adopt a sarcastic attitude. It is unsparing in its criticism:

"The Peruvian Government is now attempting to hold a plebiscite at Leticia, which it seized forcibly, disregarding the absolute sovereignty conferred on Colombia by the international treaty signed twelve years ago.

"What importance can be given a plebiscite among the scant population, the majority of which is illiterate? It is as ridiculous as speaking of irredentism of a territory whose possession has been clearly decided by treaty.

"The census carried out by Capuchin monks from Atacuari River to the Bay of Loreto Yaco, including Boyanasu, showed 188 houses and a total population of 1,644.

"Considering this data, the Peruvian maneuver of holding a plebiscite can not be upheld or justified anywhere."

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The Daily March Past Lenin

PAST HIS EMBALMED BODY and through his marble tomb, in the heart of Moscow on the Red Square, files a continuous procession every afternoon from two to four o'clock.

A soldier stands with fixt bayonet on either side of him.

His shrunken head rests on a scarlet pillow. His beard is carefully trimmed and mouth firmly set.

This daily march past, says a Moscow correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, is the one ceremonial the Soviet Government has instituted, and it has been a remarkable success. Incidentally, he points out that when Stalin, dictator of all the Russias, appears in public, it is in the simplest of costumes, and he behaves on the platform with less formality than the average City Councilor.

This is said to be "not so much virtue as wisdom." For were Stalin to play the important personage in the traditional manner, "his chances of continuing to be important would be so much the smaller."

But no one can be jealous of Lenin, fixt there in death as if he were alive, in the mausoleum built of stones carried from all parts of the Soviet Union. On a mighty monolith stands the twenty-four-ton coffin wherein lies the body of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, creator of the new Russia that amazes the world.

Keystone-Underwood

"No One Says Anything. No One Does Anything"

But every afternoon a continuous procession of people marches through the marble tomb of Lenin in the heart of Moscow. They look sideways at the embalmed body of a little man with a red beard and a bald head, and then file out into the Red Square and about their business.

THE tomb is dark except for a light beating directly on him. Also it is silent except for the sound of shuffling feet, and this *Guardian* Moscow correspondent continues:

"No one says anything; no one does anything. People just walk past, look sideways at him, and then go into the Red Square and about their business.

"They must do this habitually. Only so is it possible to account for the unending procession on every afternoon of every day of the week. Beyond taking off their hats and putting out their cigarets they make no gesture of reverence.

"They might be tourists filing through a museum or an art gallery—just expressionless faces passing continuously by the embalmed body of a little man with a red beard and a bald head, who has lain thus exposed in his tomb for some years now.

"The idea is not, of course, new. The Pharaohs were embalmed and sealed up, along with their household equipment, in enormous pyramids and in tombs in a remote, desolate valley.

"But their last resting-places were intended to be secret. No one was to see them when they lay dead among their golden furniture and exquisite vases and ornaments and curious statues.

"It was to that extent a half-hearted gesture of protest against death's being no respecter of persons; a half-hearted vindication of their claim, when alive, to be more than human."

And then to-day in Leningrad, this informant notes parenthetically, the body of a saint is exhibited—contemptuously now—whose ossified finger was kissed bare by millions of devout lips. He, they say, was naturally embalmed. Certain qualities in the earth of his burial-place prevented his body's decay. But Lenin provides with his body his own public monument, and we read:

"He is the materialist conception of history. Lying in a sealed vacuum, he demonstrates the fundamentals of the philosophy that he taught and that has had so great an influence on his times.

"His memory is preserved in the most literal manner possible—by preserving his body just as it was when he lived.

"It is as tho his disciples, fearing that the magnitude of his achievement might lead to his being deified, decided to make available for ever an absolute proof that he was a man like themselves. The thing has a peculiar fascination."

It is difficult to cross the Red Square on an afternoon without joining the queue waiting to see Lenin, it seems. According to one's mood, the little embalmed man is impressive or tawdry or even revolting, and it is pointed out that:

"His face has a kind of saintliness; at the same time it is practical. The eyes are, of course, shut, but the expression is none the less determined.

"It is the expression of a theorist possest of great energy, of a fanatic theorist. He wears a plain khaki jacket with a red ribbon pinned to it, and his hands—delicately shaped—are half-clenched.

"If an outsider's mood varies, what do the others—Siberian and Mongolian peasants, soldiers, and factory-workers, liquidated bourgeoisie—make of him? What is in their minds as they pass through his tomb?

"Do they visit him to renew their faith, to find fresh inspiration? Or is it just habit? Or does society expect of them this small observance in honor of the Revolution?

"Whatever may be the reason, there is no denying that they do visit Lenin's tomb in large numbers, and frequently.

"Here, then, is the single retrospective gesture encouraged in Soviet Russia. Everything except Lenin is in the future. To pause and look backward is permissible only in this one case. Apart from Lenin the past has no existence."

There is always a crowd surging around the Lenin mausoleum, according to Lydia Seifullina, who writes in *Soviet Travel* (Moscow) that the grown-up people push their way in, but "come out still and quiet." This Soviet enthusiast speaks of the children as hurrying forward, in ordered file, but coming out noisily, eager to recount their impressions. It is not so much with grief that Lenin is remembered, she adds, "as with a deep sense of responsibility."

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The World's Biggest Playhouse Opens

SIX THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED sat in the seats of the Radio City Music Hall, Wednesday evening, December 28.

Some hundreds stood.

Out of the sixty thousand said to have applied for tickets, these favored numbers were the envy of a milling crowd braving the rain outside.

In fact, says Gilbert Gabriel of the New York *American:*

"Half of the population of New York seemed to have been gathered under the shining heavens of the new Radio City Music Hall last night. The other half was outside, a pummeling and halooing mob of miracle-hunters in the shadowed drizzle of Sixth Avenue, hoping damply for a glimpse of a Roosevelt, a Rockefeller or—you never could tell—even a Roxy."

Of course there were plenty of distinguished names, too many to list here.

They came to see the wonder of wonders conceived by "Roxy" Rothafel, whose houses of entertainment have grown bigger and more splendid as he has progressed.

"There is no describing this new Radio City Music Hall with superlatives," says Burns Mantle in *The Daily News* (New York). "It is bigger than that."

"It is, as a matter of fact, bigger than big. Handsomer than handsome."

New York Times Studio

The Music Hall Leviathan

"Roxy" Rothafel, who put the immense scheme into execution.

NEWSPAPER figures tell us the playhouse cost $2,500,000, took two years to build, used 8,000 tons of steel and 6,000 tons of brick, has a personnel of 1,076, a weekly operating cost of $85,000, and so on and so on.

Mr. Gabriel lets go his Pegasus for a run over the house which may well stand for the columns of newspaper description published far and wide.

"Thus, in the tail of the year 1932 A.D., and in the fiftieth year of the present visitation of Samuel Lionel Rothafel, there came to pass this vastly and unprecedented première of all sorts of arts and entertainments, this eruption of ten hundred talents in honor of the opening of the first of the huge theaters in Radio City's domain.

"Before mounting my impatient typewriter and galloping off across the program of many famous names of vaudeville, opera, drama, and the dance, permit me to rid myself of my alpenstock and glacier-climbing shoes. . . . I had spent a good part of yesterday scaling the heights of this new Music Hall and indulging in jubilant yodels at the vistas from each noble tier.

"I bear tourist's testimony to the grandeur of the scenery all around, to the false dawns and afterglows and infinite phenomena of the superlative lighting system upon the great planes of the sky-high ceiling, and to all the novel beauty and gaiety of the walls in the lounges, the smoking-rooms, yea, and even in the ladies' powdering parlors.

"All these wonders, architectural, sculptural, graphic, and chiaroscuric, I witnessed in advance. I came back again by night in a ready-made mood of open-jawed astonishment . . . to the performance itself."

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The Opening Night

When rain added to the lighting effects outside the Music Hall.

CRITICS have long ago convinced us that they are not to be beguiled by mere splendor and profusion. But Mr. Gabriel isn't subdued yet:

"The Music Hall has seemingly many stages—and a trick curtain which takes care of them all. On various levels, and to all sides, things can be going on with circus simultaneousness. The enormous curtain loops itself obligingly into any needed form or forms.

"The theater becomes sometimes a very nightmare of prodigality, a fantastic rolling-into-one of the old Hippodrome, the Ice-Palast, the Paris Opera, the Roman Forum, Madame Pompadour's Jewel Box, Barnum and Bailey's, and the Red Square in Moscow. I think they could all be comfortably lost on this stage—or these stages.

"Titta Ruffo heads an operatic contingent doing—as the late Oscar Hammerstein used to dream they'd do and be glad to do—a tabloid version of 'Carmen.' Erno Rapee leads an orchestra of ninety, a chorus of a hundred. The famous Tuskegee Choir of 110 has a magnificent session of its own.

"Dancers? Harold Kreutzberg and his ballet, Martha Graham and her group, Patricia Bowman, première danseuse, a ballet corps of eighty, Russell Markert's dancers, the forty-eight Roxyettes . . . my account is just swimming in numbers, but so is the show.

"Comedians? Weber and Fields, DeWolf Hopper, Dr. Rockwell, Ray Bolger, Eddie and Ralph, Taylor Holmes. Acrobats, the Wallenda Troupe, the Kikuta Japs, and others and others. And vaudevillians galore. There's no end to it from eight to way past midnight."

MR. GABRIEL adds some "sour notes" about the performance which, he qualifies, are easy to forget "when all you have to do is to turn your eyes up to that flaming sunset of the ceiling and the rearing cliffs of the balconies beyond."

Percy Hammond of the New York *Herald Tribune* is more downright:

"The least important item in last evening's event was the show itself, a long program of song, dance, and tomfoolery presented in the spacious manner of Mr. Roxy, the Director-General.

"It has been said of the new Music Hall that it is so wonderful that it needs no performers; that its beauty and comforts alone are sufficient to gratify

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the greediest of the playgoers. But they have added a stage entertainment to the other benefits of the institution, and if it suffers by comparison with its surroundings, Art should be blamed, not Big Business.

"As was to be expected, the mountain labored and gave forth a mouse. However, it was a very large and magnificent mouse, sumptuously drest and trained to do amusing tricks. It was vaudeville in its most luxurious aspect, slow and lazy."

Mr. Hammond has a moment of compunction:

"You may infer from the above paragraphs that the vaudeville in Radio City is just vaudeville, upholstered and embroidered.

"That is not their intention.

"The show is extravagant and cumbersome, but it has occasional moments of beauty and alacrity. The Director-General's ballet, for instance, is as lovely a composition of pretty, gracile, and rhythmic girls as you will see this side of Moscow.

"The inaugural bill of Radio City's Music Hall resembles, in many ways, a program of the National Broadcasting Company, except that it does not contain Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, the Marx Quartet, Amos and Andy, or Miss Kate Smith. And, unlike the wireless, you can't turn it off when you are bored with it."

THE critics settled rather more comfortably into the R. K. O.-Roxy Theater, opened two nights later in Radio City.

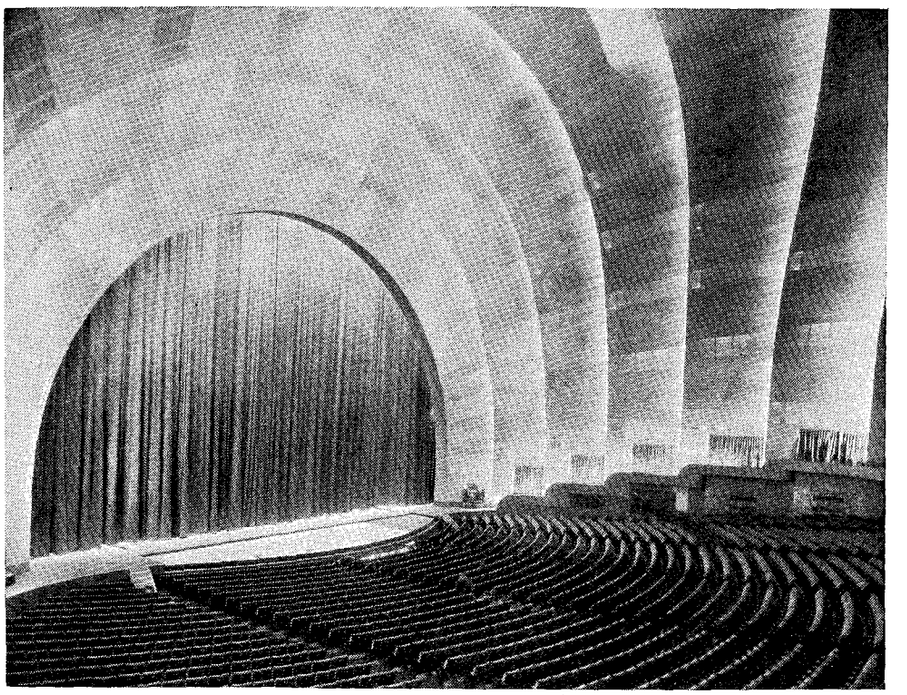
It has only 3,700 seats.

And, says Richard Watts in the New York *Herald Tribune*, it "really is the intimate drawing-room that advance publicity had proclaimed it."

The pièce de resistance in the entertainment was Philip Barry's "The Animal Kingdom" on the screen.

There were preliminaries:

"Of course Mr. Hays had to be present to make the opening official. He talked of service, indestructible destiny, and the Battle of Lexington, and then we all stood up in honor of the Rockefellers. Then there were the usual cinema-house stage acts."



Wide World

Where 6,200 May Sit

The circular proscenium arches of the Radio City Music Hall; the chorus ramps, and the $166,000 console board controlling the entire lighting system.

The Cover

WE turn the pen over to Mr. Graves, the artist, for an account of the picture, and also of himself:

"This snowscape, 'White Silence,' depicts a late afternoon scene in the Italian Alps, in the vicinity of Courmayeur, which is in the northwestern part of Piedmont, Italy, and close to the French and Swiss borders. This is the region of the Mont Blanc chain, and from here one may see the Matterhorn, Mt. Rosa, and Mont Blanc, the highest peaks in all Europe."

Now as to himself:

"I was born in the City of New York, June 27, 1902, but spent my early childhood in France and England. I first decided to study engineering, and so went to Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. Later, I worked with the Engineering Division of the New York Board of Transportation, which was at that time designing the new Eighth Avenue subway system. It was while working here that I first decided to become an artist, and so studied at night at the Art Students League. Later, I abandoned all idea of an engineering career, and devoted myself entirely to art. I studied under Frank Vincent Dumond, George Bridgman, and Sigurd Skou. At present I am an instructor in the Art School of Pratt Institute, and am a member of the National Arts Club, where my work has received recognition by the award of two first prizes, one in 1930, and another in 1932."

English Language Imperiled

A DUBIOUS LEGACY for the English language was left by the late Professor Leonard of the University of Wisconsin.

His principle seems to have been *laissez faire*—let the language take care of itself.

Recently a national convention of teachers of English met at Memphis and, reports *Saturday Night* (Los Angeles), "the majority opinion overrode the conservatives by deciding that infinitives could be split if the meaning is better exprest by so doing."

Not only that—

"It was decided that 'It is me,' 'Who are you looking for?' 'None are expected,' and kindred expressions of slovenly English are permissible. They defend 'pretty good,' when 'pretty well' is meant, and make no distinction between 'farther' and 'further,' declaring they may be used interchangeably. 'Try and do it' is no longer anathema with these anti-purists, who find 'from whence' and 'I have no doubt but what' similarly acceptable. Nor do they chide those who say that 'Due to a cold, he was absent.' They even welcome 'had rather' and 'I don't know if I can'; 'I will go, providing he stays'; 'One rarely enjoys their luncheon when they are tired,' and other gaucheries of phraseology long barred by lovers of good English. The argument is advanced in this surrender to colloquialisms that it is useless to resist the current of language-change, no matter if it savors of decadence, and that if the multitude insists on asking for the 'loan of a pencil,' why resist the trend?"

"What a sorry lot of bastard phrases will creep into the language if perverted English is to be given quasi-authority in the way proposed by the Leonard cult," exclaims the editor of *Saturday Night*. Then he turns his gun in another direction:

"Because slovens are in the majority, all the more reason why their Rogerisms should be sternly contemned and rejected by the purists or, at least, by those who have a genuine respect for the correct use of English. All attempts to vitiate the spoken word should be rigorously repelled.

"It is the duty of every editor or teacher to preserve in all its purity the English language as a precious heritage to transmit

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to posterity, which is why we deplore the publicity given the daily emanations from a professional humorist whose warped English can not fail to have a baneful influence on the masses. His philosophy would be just as potent were it couched in correct English, while the rank-and-file slovens might, possibly, be less prone to lapses if he set a better example."

Saturday Night takes a hand in instructing the teachers:

"There is a nice discrimination between 'farther' and 'further'; the first in denoting physical distance, the latter as a figure of speech. One may effect a loan of money—if he is lucky, these days—but if he would borrow a pencil, 'lend,' clearly, is the preferable word. As for 'It is me,' how it would weaken that grandest of all brief sentences in the Bible did it supplant the comforting 'It is I, be not afraid!' of the gentle Nazarene.

"Unfortunately, the predilection for slatternly English is growing so fast, owing to the carelessness, or worse, of present-day writers that when a body of teachers of English yields to this trend it is time to sound an alarm. We deny that the tendency is irresistible, as the Leonardites declare. It is the duty of the teachers to resist the irresistible. If they succumb, they are betraying the youth of the country; they are handicapping posterity."

Edgar Wallace, "Ghost Writer"?

"PSYCHIC REVELATIONS" purporting to come from the late Edgar Wallace are an insult to his memory, according to his son, Bryan Wallace.

"They purport to describe my father's experiences after death," he writes in *The Daily Express* (London), with evident reference to previously published articles elsewhere, and he regards them as "a string of childish, conventional spiritualistic platitudes—revealing nothing."

For instance:

"There was an entirely meaningless description by my father of his recovery from the coma of death. When they turned to questions of real value, the answers said to have come from him were extremely unsatisfactory and evasive.

"'What is my destiny?' 'I do not know.' 'What of me?' 'I must live on, unto what I do not know.'

"In my opinion, neither of these answers makes my father appear anything but a fool.

"I say that this kind of balderdash, with his name brazenly attached to it, is hurtful to his memory.

"I protest most strongly.

"These people have cleverly avoided the laws of copyright, the laws that insure to a man the profits of his own pen for his lifetime and to his representatives for fifty years after.

"Will the world be enriched by a flood of work from the pens of the illustrious dead? Shall we have new plays by Shakespeare, new philosophies by Socrates, and a masterly portrait of a dramatic critic by Leonardo da Vinci?"

EDGAR WALLACE was the most prolific of English novelists and dramatists. His death occurred in Hollywood, last summer, whither he had gone to write scenarios for moving-pictures.

His son Bryan is engaged in the British film industry, and in the following presents some interesting legal points:

"If a story, such as my father's, 'dictated' and, we presume, in his 'presence,' is to be accepted as real, would not a will, 'dictated' in similar circumstances, be equally valid?

"Surely this is a dangerous precedent for the legal world to let pass unchallenged!

"I know that there are many people who believe wholeheartedly and sincerely in psychic phenomena, people who believe spiritualism is a very genuine thing, and who derive a great deal of comfort from it.

"My father is said to have found a means of communicating with this world so easy that he has 'written' several thousand words.

"Yet all reference to us of his family has been confined to one short, trite, egotistical paragraph:

"'I find comfort in the thought that they can not forget me. To them I shall always be a loving memory.'

"How my father must have changed!

"For any medium to broadcast such bathos is outrageous. I feel sure there should be some redress, that there should be some means of stopping this persecution of his memory that only serves to belittle his fame.

"I understand that a photograph of my father has been taken, it is said, by spirit agency.

"What is so striking to me is that all 'spirits' seem to have a curious knowledge of photography and of being photographed far in advance of even the most experienced screen star, because apparently, without the aid of the photographer (who can not see them), they can arrange themselves symmetrically on a plate or film, and even, on occasion, in a beautiful ectoplasmic wreath of such convenient size as to fit comfortably in the picture.

"It should be easy for these 'investigators' to confine their activities to those people whose families welcome publicity.

"Speaking for myself, I can say that all this is worrying, harassing, and hurtful to the relatives of a deceased person. Alas, this is apparently no deterrent!

"If my father, in communicating from the other world, had dedicated his work to, say, Sir Oliver Lodge, I for one would have been imprest.

"Edgar Wallace was a man of imaginative power. His mental equipment was notably superior to that of those who have tried, in the way I have described, to exploit his memory.

"They ask us to believe that he, having been removed to some other sphere, has so changed in nature that no generous impulse remains—and he had so many!

"They have represented him as a personality with no more wit or vitality than a dummy.

"This exploitation of my father's name is painful to those of us who survive him; it is also futile and unnecessary, and I, his son, protest."

Words That Out-Carroll Carroll

"A NEW VOCABULARY" IS CALLED FOR. It is wanted, it seems, "to express the new values that will be set up."

This is the change prophesied by the Irish writer, James Stephens, to come over literature.

We reported him last week.

"The old words won't do," he says, "and many writers, realizing this, are already at work on the problem."

Reading this, the name of James Joyce, the author of "Ulysses," came to mind. Joyce is another Irishman. He lives in Paris, since Ireland is hostile to his writings. He has been threatened with blindness, too, which delays his work.

A book on the stocks is called "Work in Progress," and recently he has published fragments of this greater work under the title "Two Tales of Shem and Shawn."

Perhaps here we find specimens of the "new vocabulary" Mr. Stephens prophesies, and *The Saturday Review* (London) pronounces them "unintelligible,":

"This is not, or perhaps rather, not only, because we are what Mr. Joyce's numerous admirers regard as Philistine dunces, but because the words in which it is written have no meaning, save conceivably to the author himself. And for a human to chatter words that have no meaning to others is a sign of madness. It may be retorted that Mr. Joyce's ideas are so recondite and so, in the strictest sense, unutterable, that he has felt constrained to invent a new language wherein to express them. But this again is only another way of saying that he is mad, for vanity so overweening is madness.

"To make clear that this judgment does not come from personal prejudice or mere bumptiousness, it is only necessary to quote from the book. Here is one typical passage. 'The whool of the whaal in the wheel of the whorl of the Boubou from Bourneum has thus come to taon!' Here is another. 'Hic sor a stone, singularly illud, and on hoc stone Seter satt huc sate which it fitted quite poposterously and by acclammitation to its fullest justotoryum and whereupon with his unfallable encyclicling upom his alloilable diupetriark of the wouest,' and so on till the end of the sentence half a page later.

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves . . .'

"Yes, we know. But Lewis Carroll was writing nonsense. Mr. Joyce apes sense. And nonsense aping sense is madness."

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Where the Goose Hangs High

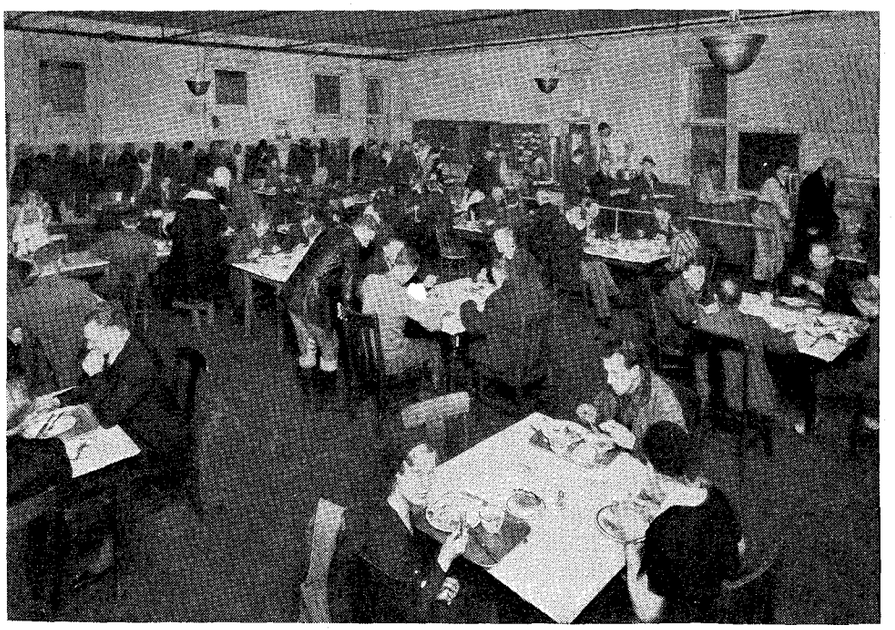
"YOU WANT SOME PLASTERING REPAIRED, and I want a side of bacon. How about a trade, Mister?"

"All right, unsling and go ahead."

The plasterer did the job and carried home the bacon. The next day he traded work for vegetables, and he and his family had enough to eat.

This depression-bred "barter exchange" movement has grown until 140 exchanges are operating in twenty-nine States. More than 200,000 unemployed in California alone are obtaining the necessities of life by trading a day's work for goods, according to a report by Prof. J. Douglas Brown, of Princeton University, to the American Statistical Association at its recent meeting in Cincinnati.

According to an Associated Press dispatch, Professor Brown says that eighty-one barter exchanges are functioning in Los Angeles County alone, that 100,000 persons previously unemployed are receiving self-help through bartering services in the Pacific Northwest, chiefly in Washington State, and that the Utah Association has a daily turnover of more than $5,000 in goods and services, and has provided 100,000 days of labor for its members. This association, says Professor Brown, has grown until it has a "national unit," three State units, and fifteen city units in Utah, Idaho, and Arizona.



Better Than a Bread Line

The "white-collar" restaurant of the Organized Unemployed of Minneapolis, where for ten cents in scrip money one may get a balanced meal of meat, potatoes, vegetables, bread, coffee, and dessert. Fifteen hundred people and more eat here every day.

IN Minneapolis, we read in *Zion's Herald* (Methodist), Dr. George Mecklenburg, of the Wesley Methodist Church, has developed a plan for organizing the unemployed for self-help, using scrip money as the medium of exchange. The basic thought is to utilize the surplus farm products as a backing for this informal kind of cash. Take a trip through the "works" of the Organized Unemployed:

"Just inside the door on the Grant Street side we find the bank; for the organization has printed its own money in denominations of 5 cents, 10 cents, 50 cents, $1, $5, and $10. This scrip money is hand-signed, copyrighted, and stamped with the seal of the Incorporated Organized Unemployed. Expert unemployed accountants set up the books. Everything is accounted for.

"Next to the bank we find the large commissary store. Here come 1,500 people a day to make purchases with scrip. What can they buy? Anything that the members of the organization produce cooperatively. They can buy clothes, old or new; old shoes and some new shoes and rubbers; all kinds of vegetables grown in Minnesota, sugar, bread, flour, sauerkraut, and all kinds of canned fruits and vegetables.

"Across the hall from the store we run on to the 'white-collar' restaurant. Here is a cafeteria with $7,000 worth of restaurant equipment which has been loaned to the organization. It was found that Minneapolis not only had idle men, but had idle store equipment, idle bakeries, idle shoe machinery, idle sewing-machines, idle trucks, idle everything. This movement has put idle men and idle things to work.

"In the big room, back of the restaurant, we come to the barter and exchange department. Any one may bring anything to this place and sell it for scrip. Furniture, beds, automobile tires, silverware, cooking utensils, stoves, shoes, clothes—anything of value is bought for scrip."

Old clothes wear out, finally, and in the same building we see a clothing factory. "Here are twenty-four rapid-power sewing-machines making new clothes, mackinaws, overcoats, blazers, and all kinds of warm clothing."

Go into the headquarters office, and the visitor will find listed unemployed people from "every occupation and profession known to modern civilization." Forty-five crafts have been organized into craft guilds, through which work is distributed.

In the basement you will see men making potato chips, hominy, and cookies, and repairing shoes. In one room are stored 20,000 cans of fruits and vegetables, on long racks. Most visitors, says the writer, are interested in the crew making sauerkraut. They have already made 500 barrels, and are now rushing overtime to save the cabbage for 1,000 barrels.

"YOU haven't seen anything yet," the visitor will be told. He will get an "eyeful" in a storehouse on another street, says the writer. Here he will see four floors of a large warehouse filled with potatoes, carrots, parsnips, onions, squash, and other vegetables. And not a Federal copper was used to buy it. In fact, we gather, Uncle Sam's money wouldn't be any good in this warehouse. This hoard of foodstuffs was obtained by trading surplus unemployed labor for surplus farm products.

"There is, in the Organized Unemployed," says the writer, "the exhilarating enthusiasm of thousands of people who feel that they are charter members of a new experiment in co-operative living."

A similar experiment in bringing job and jobless together is under way in the Inwood section at the northern tip of Manhattan.

The plan, known as the Emergency Exchange Association, Inc., has been elaborated, we read in the New York *Times*, by a group of prominent economists, engineers, lawyers, and industrial consultants to bring idle machines, raw materials, dwellings, and farms into a working relation with the idle men and women who are eager and able to work, and are in desperate

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need of the things they could produce for one another if they had the use of existing idle facilities.

To illustrate how it works, a grocer needs some plumbing done. An unemployed plumber is assigned to the task. In turn, the plumber engages an unemployed shoemaker to repair his children's shoes and an unemployed tailor to mend his clothes.

But a medium of exchange is necessary, so the four-cornered settlement is accomplished through the use of tokens of credit, or scrip, which the grocer buys for cash from the Exchange

Saving His Own Soul by Mending Another's Sole

A cobbler who was jobless finds employment under the cooperative barter and exchange system of the Organized Unemployed of Minneapolis. Forty-five crafts have been organized into guilds through which work is distributed.

Association and pays to the plumber. With some of the same tokens the plumber pays the shoemaker and the tailor. The grocer redeems the scrip with merchandise. He may hold the scrip for further use or recover his cash from the Exchange.

The reason for using token money rather than the existing currency, we read, is to provide for the eventual expansion of the system beyond this elementary circuit of services, to include production plants and farms. Thus will be created a balanced economic system which a central exchange, to be established by the association, will finance and control, operating from raw materials to ultimate consumer by means of the scrip. The scrip will be used without profit and without interest to guard against a rapid compounding of savings and of the corresponding debt structure which would produce new enterprises beyond the capacity of the proposed exchange system to digest.

The association was incorporated by John Kirkland Clark, president of the State Board of Bar Examiners. Others active in the movement are Leland Olds, assistant chairman of the New York State Power Authority; John Carmody, president of the Society of Industrial Engineers and editor of *Factory and Industrial Management;* Jacob Baker, industrial engineer and vice-president of the Vanguard Press; Stuart Chase, economist; and James Myers, industrial secretary of the Federal Council of Churches.

The Pope's Program for 1933

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION for the world to keep is broadcast from the Vatican.

Talk less of debts, arms, and the depression in 1933, counsels the 75-year-old shepherd of a flock that ranges on every hill and vale in Christendom. Think more on the interests of the soul and its welfare.

From the inner calm of his palace by the historic Tiber, Pope Pius XI sees mankind wearied out with constant reference to its disillusionment, and he proclaims a "holy year" from April 2, 1933, to April 2, 1934, as a period of peaceful contemplation of the divine facts of existence and its heritage of hope.

The announcement was made by the Pope in an address replying to Christmas and New Year's greetings delivered by Cardinal Granito Pignatelli di Belmonte, the eighty-one-year-old Dean of the Sacred College, speaking in the name of all the Princes of the Church. From the Vatican wireless station the Pope's address was broadcast to the world.

Common opinion, says Pope Pius, identifies the year 33 of the present era with the year of the crucifixion of Jesus, tho some hold it to be the year 30. The year 1930 is gone, and "to men, to the redeemed, living to-day," says the Pope, "there remains only the coming year 1933 to celebrate authentically the centenary of the death of the Lord."

Counseling, a "dutiful and beneficent observance," he says:

"It will be no slight benefit that the world should not hear any longer and practically not talk about conflicts, antagonisms, lack of confidence, armaments and disarmaments, damages and reparations, debts and payments, moratoriums and insolvencies, economic and financial interests, individual miseries and social miseries, that it should not only not hear these notes but instead those of high spirituality and of a strong recall to the life and interests of souls, of the dignities and preciousness of these souls in the blood and grace of Christ, of the fraternity of all men divinely united in the same blood, of the saving mission of the Church toward humanity, of all other holy thoughts and holy elevations which can not dissociate themselves from the divine deeds which will be the object of this centenary, however little attention the spirit pays them.

"And in order that our celebration not consist in fleeting acts, and that to all souls, even the busiest, find time and manner for profiting from it to the necessary extent, we dispose that the celebration itself take place during an entire year, a year which from now on we proclaim a holy jubilee, so that the celebration may gain the greatest possible value in prayer, expiation, propitiation, holy indulgences, and reform of life."

"Without regard to dates, and without going into a fruitless discussion of calendars and events," comments the Schenectady *Union-Star*, "the suggestion of turning to religious belief is a constructive idea." For—

"Considered broadly, the thing most lacking in the world today is confidence. Confidence is nothing more nor less than faith—faith that institutions and principles which have stood the test of time will survive, faith that the world will continue to revolve and the sun will rise and set, faith that there will be seed time and harvest, faith in God.

"The present is no new experience for humanity. Whenever it has strayed from faith in divine power, it has run into trouble. When it has come back to faith and adjusted itself to the divine plan again, it has found relief from trouble.

"It makes no difference who suggests, who leads, who carries on the back-to-God movement, all who believe ought to follow, each in his own way.

"There could be no greater program laid out for 1933 than just that. Seek first the kingdom of God, and things will be added in due time."

"Chastened humanity can not afford now to dismiss these exhortations as impracticable," declares the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*. "They present the foundational facts on which lasting prosperity must rest; baffled by the complexity of modern life, we must seek simplicity, in the spirit of human brotherhood."

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When Youth Takes the Wheel

THE WORLD GOING TO HELL?

Not so long as the Younger Generation is up and coming. Every Younger Generation is, of course; but the class of '33 is particularly aware of its obligations to the class of '43, and just as soon as they have their diplomas they are going to make the world absolutely fool-proof.

We have the word of F. Vinton Lindley, Yale '33, for it. He tells us about the great expectations of '33 in *The New Outlook*, the magazine of which former Gov. Alfred E. Smith is editor. The young prophet of the new order knows the Older Generation will smile indulgently, pat him on the head, and say, "Go to it, sonny."

But this is no campus pipe-dream. The boys are going into politics, are already talking about it, in fact, even at Harvard.

The recent campaign was a lesson to them. Never was there such a lot of ballyhoo. Never have the personalities involved been so wholly lacking in any quality of greatness. Young Mr. Vinton, Yale '33, traveled over most of the Middle West, last summer, and everywhere people said, "What the hell!" That is, the older people. The Younger Generation said, "What the devil!" It seems that the forefathers of Yale, etc., '33 are known as "Hellers." But the boys of to-day are "mealy-mouthed Prohibition-products for whom devil is a strong enough epithet." The oldsters just threw up their hands—there was nothing they could do about it. But the youngsters determined they would do something about it.

"We are going into politics, fifty thousand strong!" declares this gallant young enthusiast. "University-trained men, not every one a Lincoln, perhaps, but all intelligent and sincere."

And there's not a radical among them, not even a Socialist. True, they have discarded religion for culture, but they have also thrown away their hip flasks; they don't do half as much drinking in college as did their forefathers.

WHAT both the major parties have failed to do, the Younger Generation is determined to do. It's going to change things—"not furiously and youthfully, but slowly and thoughtfully as we work up to positions of responsibility in the country," declares this Young Hopeful.

As regards morals, the classes of '33 are not so certain. At present they are neither moral nor immoral. "We are a-moral, like the ameba," says this representative of them. But they are "beginning to see the scientific and psychological and social reasons for morality—the real reasons."

Religion has been thrown overboard, but the Younger Generation is swinging back "to the philosophical, artistic, cultural influences which are bound within it." As this senior puts it:

"We have been so deluged with the critical spirit in education that we have lost almost all values. They are returning.

"A few years ago one actually heard, 'Hell, I'm going out with a babe to-night. Why not? Professor Geller says they have polygamy among the Moros.'

"We lost balance in being overtolerant, overskeptical, oversensitive to the local character of our customs and institutions. We are now engaged upon evening up the weight.

"In the meanwhile we have lost certain essential influences of cultivated thought. The Bible is an example, almost unopened by this generation at this age. We shall turn to it soon, not for its shibboleths, but for its beauty, its literary excellence, its philosophy, its great fundamental human wisdom.

"These are platitudes; and if there is any one thing our generation fears more than another it is the platitude. Surrounded as we are by them, we withdraw into the grotesque in our effort to avoid the trite."

HIS thesis, says the young writer, is that his generation is "challenging defeat." They just don't admit defeat. And he assures us:

"This is no mere vague optimism. It is a compound of hope and courage, and training.

"It is hard for us to speak in practical details as yet. Socialism is not the weapon. God forbid! Reorganization is not the means. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with our system. The lack is in training and spirit. It is these which we intend to supply.

"The error is not in energy, but in direction. Our force shall be applied in the channels of politics, not in the byways of cynical indifference. It will appear in literature and art, not in erotic manifestations. It will manifest itself not in mere economic entablature, but in simple, intellectual honesty.

"Is civilization and the future of civilization in chaos? Is America so short-lived a nation that it is already beginning to fold its gold-standard wings? Is international cooperation a vision in a very distant future? Is culture a reminiscence for professors and the sons of our grandfathers' grandfathers? The world is going to hell?

"The devil it is!"

A Hungry Man Is at My Door

By Grace Noll Crowell

A HUNGRY man is at my door,
What shall I do?
My fire is warm, my loaf is sweet,
And I have you,
Sufficient for my needs . . . but Oh,
The wind is cold,
A hungry man is at my door
And he is old;
And he is weary, waiting to be fed.
I cannot dine
Until I break in three this loaf
I thought was mine.
I cannot rest beside my fire
Unless I share
Its warmth with him, and find a cloak
That he can wear.
This done—and he upon his way
Along the street—
I find a warmer fire—my loaf
Grown doubly sweet.

—*The Christian Advocate, New York.*

How to Be Happily Married

HAPPY marriages are not made in heaven, but right here on earth.

They are the result of intelligent idealism, based on a knowledge of the principles of human adaptation.

In other words, the marriage relationship is like that of a stock company, whose success depends not only on the actors knowing their parts, but on coordinated effort.

This is the conclusion, we read, of the Wesleyan University undergraduate conference on marriage at Middletown, Connecticut, where delegates from a score of colleges took part. All the speakers, according to a dispatch to the New York *Times*, agreed, that while the age of the marriage custom does not alone insure its sanctity, no convincing arguments have been presented in this or any other age why monogamous marriages do not serve the most desirable ends in social institutions.

Most marriages, the speakers pointed out, are induced by emotions in which sex attraction and romanticism play a great part. Sooner or later after marriage these phases disappear, and it is then that there is an opportunity for a real and enduring love to be built up.

"It is a good thing for a man to have had a number of good girl friends," says Prof. Erdman Harris of Union Theological Seminary, and he quotes Dr. G. Hamilton, who investigated 200 cases and published the results in his "Research in Marriage," saying:

"Men who have had a number of good friends, who have had at least one mild love affair, but not more than six or seven, seem to be in the best position to make a 'go' of marriage."

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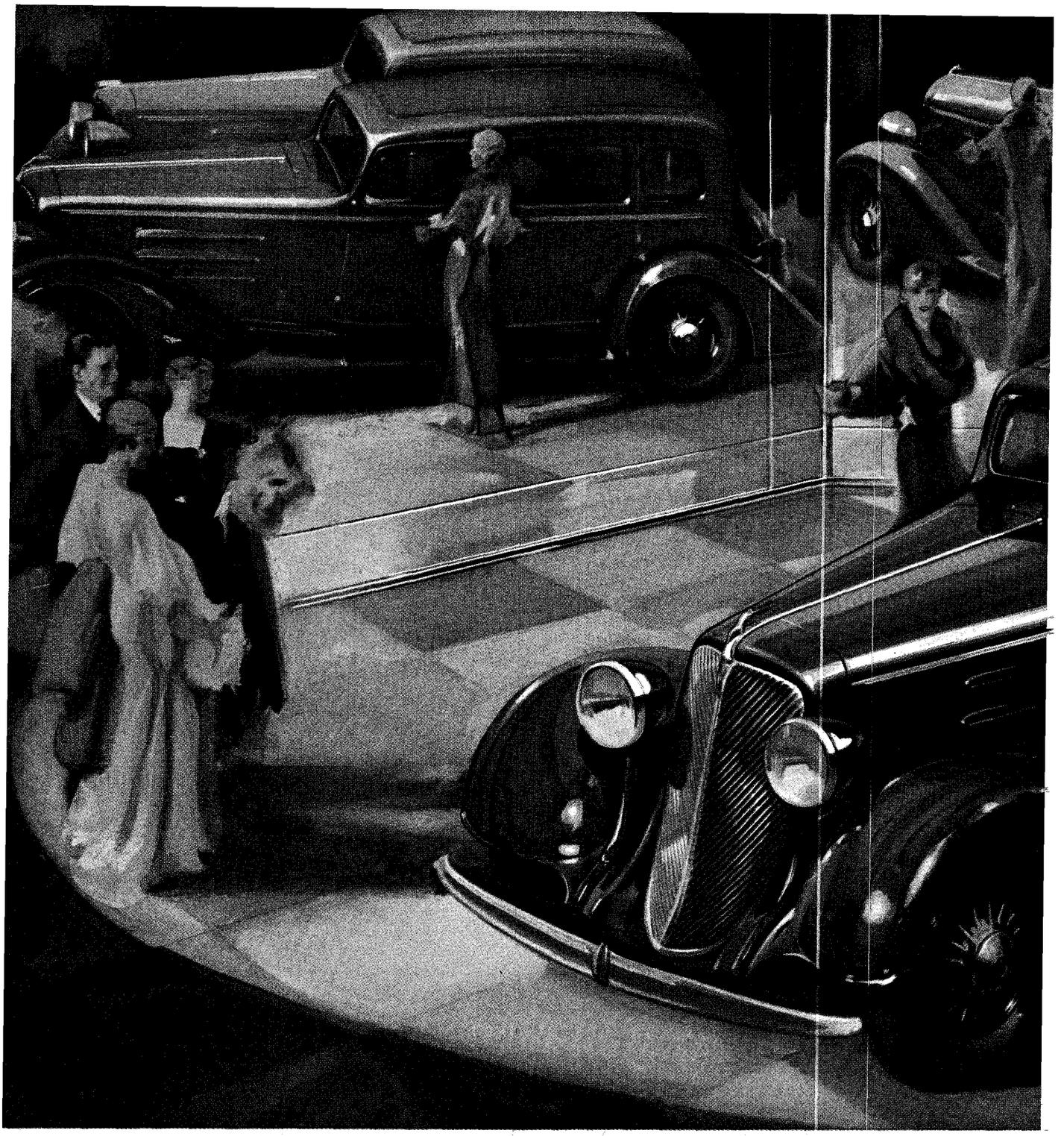

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

Two poems in *The Virginia Quarterly Review* (Charlottesville) are arresting. The first is a heroic facing of death:

AVE ATQUE VALE

By Amelie Rives Troubetzkoy

Now that I know in what brief, measured space
I must bid long farewell to loveliness
Bred of the sun's bright wantoning, now no less
Than in my ampler years I can outface
That ghost of nothing which will take my place.
Since beauty is immortal: even I bless
The keen, concentered, transient consciousness
Which draws from this small now so vast a grace,
Finding rapt strangeness in familiar things
As of a spirit breathing also farewell
Through temporal forms, whereby its yearning wings
Are bound to earthly use till fades the spell
Of Time tripartite—while beyond all there rings
Majestic silence, man's great passing-bell.

The other is a vision of death invading the land:

DESERTED HILLS

By Frances Frost

This land is heavy with sleeping generations
Of young forefathers who thrust back the hills
And cleared their pastures of blackberry blossoms, planting
Lilacs in dooryards, orchards on a slope,
And a grindstone in the shadow of red maples.

This land is heavy with the freight of seasons:
Damp with years of leaf-mould, hot with sun
Drying the clover, cool with the windy hint
Of slow rain on the mountains. One by one
The fences crumble and the walls go down,
And the wilderness my fathers fought comes back
With thickets and tangled grass and the scent of peace.

Out of the mountains a yellow wind is spilled
On fields that wait the horses and the calling
Of men to one another and the plough
Snagging on stone, turning the dark loam back;
But there are left only the dry white moss
Spread like a patch of snow before the wood,
The cobwebs strung in dead weeds, and the sound,
Running and soft, of rabbit and mouse come home.

Perhaps it's a first born that inspires these mixed tho genuine emotions. In *The Phœnix Register* (Phœnix, N. Y.):

WHY SHOULD I LOVE YOU?

(Him to the Son)

By John H. Curtin

Why should I love you . . . son?
You are, thank God, not handsome.
In fact, with your pug nose, light hair and bluest eyes,
You are imperfect . . . and desirable.
For there are, oh, so many perfect noses now . . .
And much too many long ones in this world!

You seem to choose to sleep.
It can't be . . . at such age
You, too, have found that boredom is the lot of all?
Then, we'll be bored together, if you say.
What? . . . You wrinkle up your nose as if to gently hint
That you . . . impossible . . . are bored with me!

Too soon Time takes a slice
From each loaf of stored desires!
If ever we may think we learn anything at all
It is, at most, by dull experience . . .
The which we do forget . . . and try to give away
As fruits that we have plucked for idle hands.
There's nothing much to say . . .
Truth finds faults and needs of praise,
As you, stretching out your fingers, encircling mine.
Such a pug nose! And hair . . . too soon to fear
It's red! Your eyes, alas, are piercing, deepest blue . . .
Why should I love you . . . son? God knows I do!

This shows how lively the pagan impulse rules our natures. In *Good Housekeeping* (New York):

ADMONITIONS

By Margaret Bell Houston

My mother said to me,
"Try to be good.
Keep your belongings
Neat as you should.
Say your prayers daily
Before you sleep,
And make no promise
You can not keep."

My black mammy said to me
"Thirteen's bad.
Let it alone,
Or you'll wish you had.
Nebber cut yo' vittles
Wid a black-handled knife,
An' doan kill a spider.
Hit's de debbil's wife."

Seldom I'm good
For virtue's sake,
And many's the promise
I've made to break.
But I shun thirteen
And a black-handled knife,
And I couldn't kill a spider,
To save my life.

Clifford Bax, the English poet, publishes "Farewell My Muse" (Lovat Dickson, London) and writes "if any frigid-minded monster should say this middle-aged emotion is mere sentimentality, I should reply that it is as universal as regret that spring must vanish with the rose, and that if he has not experienced it, he is the less a man." The book contains this:

EXCAVATION

By Clifford Bax

If I should meet with the boy that I was,
How should we look?
What could we say?
So I have changed in the years that I think
Both would be dumb.

Yet there is nothing that came from without—
Nothing of new
Built on the old,
What I am now was asleep in me then,
Waiting its hour.

Slowly, as men who unbury a vast
City that lay
Sunken in sand,
Thought and the powerful spades of the world
Dig out the self.

Here in *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) is the eternal quarrel between the sexes:

THE TOKEN-HEART

By Ralph Wotherspoon

In the old farm chimney
Jane and I espied
A poor shrivelled sheep's heart,
Black and mummified.
Tucked away upon the shelf,
Where the flue begins,
We found a sheep's heart,
Stuck full of pins,
How it came to be there
None could discover;
Nor who had stuck the pins in it
To plague her faithless lover.
Who the jilted maiden was
And who the truant swain,
I could only wonder,
And likewise Jane.

"*How* she must have suffered!"
Said Jane with a sigh—
"She probably deserved to,
And more," quoth I.
"When she drove a pin home
Did he feel a pain?"
"I hope not," I answered,
"I hope so!" said Jane—
"I hope so, I *hope* so, I HOPE so!"
Said Jane.

Wasn't it Wordsworth who told us that nature to each one "speaks a various language"? But he doubtless never counted on such a one as this in *The Saturday Review* (London):

AUTUMN LEAVES

(*By a poet who counts*)

By W. H. B.

The leaves are falling, falling,
The trees are getting bare,
To me its just appalling
That no one seems to care!

In parks and open spaces
In rusty heaps they lie,
And men with vacant faces
Unheeding pass them by.

The numbers keep on mounting
By thousands every day,
But no one thinks of counting
Before they're swept away.

To High-brows and to Mystics
Numbers have no appeal,
But lovers of statistics
Will know just how I feel.

But what's the use of grumbling?
I'll never know, I fear,
How many leaves come tumbling
From London's trees each year!

One might call this the advice of a contented bachelor, but what of the lonely maidens? In *The Carillon* (Washington, D. C.):

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

By Anderson M. Scruggs

Let him who yearns for peace of days forego
The happiness of a life of love can bring;
Who has not known the warmth of love can know
No chill of graying embers perishing.
Who has not known the touch of loving hands
Can feel no loss when the eager pulse is still;
His days will pass like Autumn from the lands,
Gently and calmly with the winter's will.

For there shall come a time, a certain day,
When lips that sought your own shall seek no more,
When eyes you learned to love will look away,
And hands you cherished shall seek out a door
Whose closing falls like stone upon the mind.
Beware of love, and you will never share
Some day when time stands still and hope goes blind,
A sorrow greater than a god can bear.

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English "Amateurism"

THAT rosy complexion you notice in the English is due not so much to blooming health as to frost-bite. Among the Americans, on the other hand, it is due to careful cultivation, with the aid of the nearest drug store.

And herein lies the distinction between the English and the Americans. The former we are asked to regard as amateurs, the latter as professionals.

See, for instance, the Englishman's home. It is drafty, the fireplace smokes, and there is no hot water for the tub or shaving mug. The American, on the other hand, insists on all the comforts. When it comes to the cup that cheers, the Englishman drains his slowly because he likes his liquor; whereas the American gulps his down because he is in a hurry for the effect.

IN a sentence, writes John Langdon-Davies in *Harper's Magazine*, the difference between the English and American cultures is that the Englishman worships the cult of amateurism—he wants to like doing things; while the American worships the cult of professionalism—he wants to get things done.

"And whenever England has failed in modern life," says Mr. Langdon-Davies, an Englishman himself, but long familiar with America and American custom, "it can be shown to be because of amateurism in the wrong place, while in the case of America it can be shown to be because of professionalism in the wrong place."

Take, for instance, the Englishman's attitude toward sport, especially toward cricket. You must know first that the amateur is always regarded as socially, even morally, superior to the professional. To go on:

Cricket is played by mixed teams of amateurs and professionals, unlike football, where the two types seldom meet on the same side or even in the same competitions. You might think that the little fact that one player makes sufficient money elsewhere in another business so that he does not have to demand payment for his share in the game, while another gives all his time to the game and must, therefore, get his subsistence from it, should make no difference if both are admitted to the same team.

But you would be wrong. It makes very nearly all the difference.

To begin with, if an amateur and a professional chance to begin the innings together—in cricket there are two "batsmen" instead of one as in baseball—they will start their journey to the playing field from different doors of the players' pavilion. The professional must not use the fact that he is playing on the same team with the amateur to impose himself on his company when off the field of play; he must occupy separate quarters like a colored man on a Southern street-car.

When next day *The Times* or *Morning Post* gives an account of the game with the full score, the distinction is rubbed well in. If you are an amateur your name will appear as Mr. W. Smith, but if a professional you will be Smith (W.). The man who is so good at the game that he can make money by it is obviously not entitled to a prefix, while the bank clerk who plays "for the love of the game" is singled out by the mark which stands, in this particular, for a gentleman. At the end of the season a team captained by Mr. W. Smith meets another captained by Smith (W.)—his only chance for leadership—and it will be called "Gentlemen versus Players."

IN all this, Mr. Langdon-Davies tells us, is a "suggestion that in some way or other it is not good form to be *too* good at anything, or, at least, that nothing should be taken very seriously. It is in keeping with the fact that cricket, which, after all, involves a considerable amount of running, was, until two generations ago, played in top hats and is still played in long trousers, as if to prevent perfection by handcuffing the free movement of the performer. Moreover, the Englishman in America, when he is honest, must confess that the clothing of a football player is quite repulsive to him, savoring as it does of a professional efficiency more suitable for diving as a business or for the battle-field."

The American attitude toward sport is different. One reads, says Mr. Langdon-Davies, that here professionalism is frequently the curse in colleges and elsewhere, and he says:

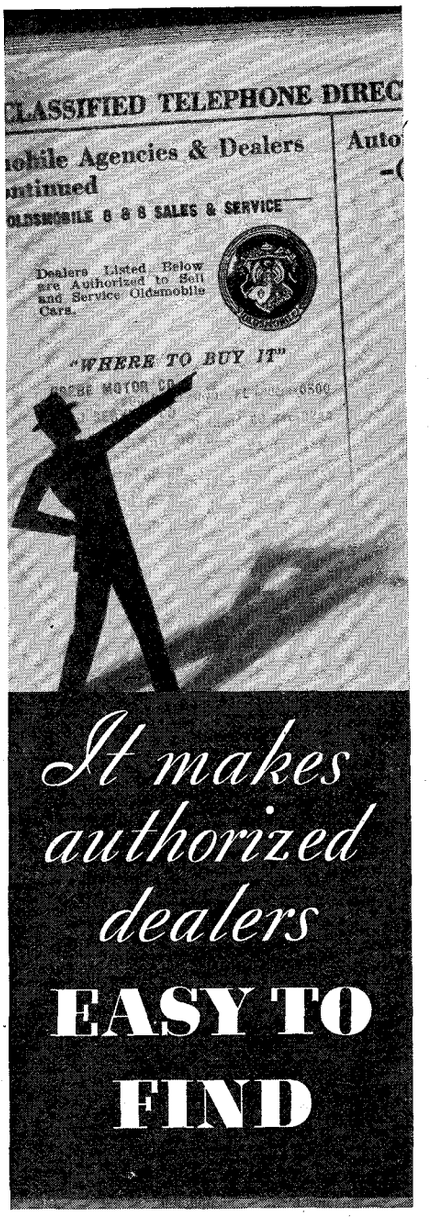
The cult of the professional in the wrong place may very well do for American sport what the opposite cult does in England. But the danger to sport in America seems to me not so much that some people may be paid for their services to a team, but that inevitably hypocrisy will find a way round any defense that can be put to safeguard the amateur status.

Surely the only safety for sport in the modern world is to abolish therein the very idea of amateurism. To retain it is to court the same hypocrisy that comes from having the nations sign agreements not to use the most efficient weapons in war time, but only to kill one another with out-of-date firing pieces and to maim with laughing gas rather than lethal. It is the cult of the amateur that makes sport crooked.

THIS cult is observed by Mr. Langdon-Davies in every particular of the Englishman's life. The evil is that it usually operates in the wrong place, which is also the fault of the American cult of professionalism. Each country has been brought by its particular cult into a precarious position, from which the inhabitants of both long to escape. And the only way to escape is to migrate, the Englishman to Spain, where he can get back into the past and its amateurism, and the American to Soviet Russia, where he will find that nothing matters so long as he can get it done. Then—

When the rebels have gone, England and America will settle down in earnest to their curious pastime of imitating one another's vices and ignoring one another's virtues.

By way of diet regulation, the patient is advised to refrain from eating pork or fat meats, veal, cabbage, pickles, candy or pastry, and also from cocoa, chocolate, tea, coffee, and alcoholic drinks."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Diagnosis From the Finger-Nails Quick-Freezing to Preserve Food

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

No Country Seems to Want "Prince Mike"

SEVEN CITIES CLAIMED HOMER, and almost that many nations are earnestly repudiating little Harry F. Gerguson, or Gaygussen, alias "His Imperial Highness, Prince Michael Alexandrovitch Dmitry Obolensky Romanoff."

All Europe seems, in effect, to chorus across the Atlantic: "Take him away, Uncle Samuel! He's your baby on your door-step, the polished product of your orphan asylums, the ornament of your speak-easies. If you try to send him back to us, he's liable to spend the rest of his negligible days shooting back and forth over the ocean like a bewitched international football.

Meanwhile "Prince Mike," inured to the ups and downs of a career of masquerade, has been making the best of his captivity on Ellis Island, while the immigration officials wrestle with the conundrum of whether he returned here this last time as a stowaway on the German liner *Europa*, as he boasted on his arrival, or came by train from Canada, as he declared later.

A whiff of Arabian Nights quaintness comes into the story with the incident of the "Prince" having been "trapt by his taste for costly tobacco." The immigration authorities, on reading newspaper reports of "Mike's" sudden reappearance in the speak-easies of his beloved "Bagdad on the Subway," as O. Henry dubbed New York, recalled his princely penchant for an imported pipe mixture that sells at $10 a pound, and took steps to bag him at the importer's shop when he went to renew his supply.

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The Face That Fools a Thousand Simps

WHEN captured and taken to Ellis Island, little Mr. Gerguson was decked out in a costume suggestive of winter sports, and possibly designed to support his second-thought story of arrival by way of Canada. According to *The Herald Tribune:*

The prisoner was wearing corduroy trousers of shining brown, neat brown shoes, and a tan pull-over sweater. Tied about his neck in ascot fashion was a scarf of green, red, and purple. A slightly faded tiger orchid was pinned to the shoulder of the sweater, and Mike described the flower as a gift from an admirer.

From officials it was learned that the present charge against Mike is entering the country illegally and evading inspection on arrival. If the Labor Department's arrangements for deportation are not followed up, however, it is possible that he may be indicted for illegal reentry within a year of deportation.

By courtesy of *The New Yorker*

"His Imperial Highness"

As usually happens when "Mike" is out of luck, many well-wishers have come forward to help him. His faculty for making stanch friends, even among his victims, has been remarked by able chroniclers.

"He has convinced a fairly large public that a good impostor is preferable to the average prince," wrote Alva Johnston in the first of a series of "Prince Mike" articles in *The New Yorker* last fall. We quote other choice bits of this charitable history:

He is respected for his noble bearing in melodramatic unmask-

ing scenes. Again and again these crises have ended with Prince Michael cool, amused, triumphant; his exposers crusht, ridiculous, speechless.

Mike never looks so much like a true prince as when he is being exposed as a false one.

His freedom from small virtues is another source of his popularity. He has no thrift, no prudence, no thought of the future. The revenues from his frauds are scattered with an imperial hand.

In the intervals between streaks of prosperity, he has slept in doorways and on park benches. No man starves more gracefully than the prince.

IN his rise from problem child to prince, we are told, he "overcame great handicaps." As Mr. Johnston sees Mike:

The soul of a grand seignior had found lodgment in a regrettable exterior. Undersized and ill-favored, he often makes an unfortunate first impression. He has, however, a rare power of attracting attention and sympathy, a power strongly manifested in his childhood, when, under his real name of Harry Gerguson, he was the celebrated bad boy of the six New York orphan homes to which he was successively committed.

Thirty years ago, visitors at asylums were fascinated by the wicked Gerguson boy. Frequently, when a charitable lady decided to brighten up the life of an orphan, she decided to brighten up the life of the little Gerguson monster. Even when he was the terror of public institutions, Mike was week-ending in stately residences and country places. His whole life became a struggle to parade in handsome settings and mingle with distinguished personages. The orphan's talent for touching deep chords of sympathy, for establishing a sudden and strong bond between himself and another human being, was improved by constant practise.

Scotland Yard described the Prince as a "rogue of uncertain nationality." The United States immigration authorities describe him as a Russian, insisting that Mike was born in Vilna in 1890 and that at the age of six years he came to this country with his parents. Prince Michael insists that he is an American citizen, born in New York City.

OF his most recent bobbing up in New York, six days prior to the tobacco incident and his arrest, *The Herald Tribune* tells us:

Nobody knows how he got by the immigration authorities. He was dry when he turned up at a night club on East Sixty-first Street, however, and it was judged that he did not swim ashore, as he did once while under detention at Ellis Island.

To the astonishment and inexpressible pain of Mr. Gerguson, he was not welcomed with the old warmth of East Sixty-first Street. He left there under compulsion.

His next stopping-place was on West Fifty-second Street, and there he had better luck. There was a distinguished member of the bar there whom Mr. Gerguson never had met, so he introduced himself, exerted his charm and conversed and imbibed for the better part of an hour. The attorney said the "prince" was a delightful chap and exceptionally droll.

Mr. Gerguson was wearing a clean white shirt and a newly prest dark suit with flaring lapels on the coat.

The current inquiry at Ellis Island has revealed his earliest New York name as Gaygussen. His parents seem to have died

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early, and the immigration authorities say that if there were any evidence of parental naturalization, they would gladly accord "Prince Mike" the privilege of American citizenship. As it is, they are quoted unofficially as saying that, to them, he is just "a pain in the neck." Some samples of his record are given by *The Herald Tribune*, thus:

He peddled newspapers on the East Side, was found sleeping at no one's expense in the lounge of the Educational Alliance, and became embroiled over the theft of a sweater. Sidney Livingston, now a police captain attached to General Sessions, said yesterday that he remembered bringing the charge against Mike. He also recalled Mike's custom of sleeping on the pool-table of the Democratic Club.

Among little Mike's experiences as an orphan was this:

Another kindly woman turned the embryo Romanoff over to the Children's Court in despair with the label "Disobedient, untruthful, and generally beyond control."

Here we return to his first appearance after landing:

He did not look like a man recently out of a French prison who had beaten his way across the Atlantic as a stowaway. That was just what he was, however, he said, and except for breakfast yesterday morning he had eaten nothing since Friday beyond a sandwich now and then which he picked up after a cocktail party or bridge party had broken up.

"I had breakfast to-day, tho," he said. "I sat facing Ambassador Mellon, and it seemed to me that he was more nervous than I."

Mr. Gerguson was not noticeably nervous in the night-club, except that he gave a quick glance over his shoulder whenever any one entered the room where he was sitting. He always apologized if he thought this action had attracted attention.

He said that getting off the ship was much the easiest part of his exploit, tho he had neither ticket nor passport.

"I just walked down the gangplank behind Marilyn Miller," said Mr. Gerguson, "and, naturally, attracted very little attention. I was asked for my ticket, and replied, a little impatiently, I am afraid. 'My ticket? I've been asked for it twice and given it up once.' That was all there was to that."

"Prince mike" was not drinking anything but black coffee, we are told, "tho invited to do so. He was in somewhat delicate health, he said, owing to his long fast." On the other hand:

Mr. Gerguson informed acquaintances whom he met here that it had been a most comfortable trip in many respects. Wishing to avoid the risk of discovery attendant upon sleeping in unoccupied cabins, he had retired generally beneath a table. This necessitated keeping late hours, for one can't retire beneath a table until every one else has left the room.

One night, when the *Europa* was bucking heavy weather, said Mr. Gerguson, he retired beneath a table in the sun-parlor and, despite the motion of the ship, was sleeping soundly when he was rolled out

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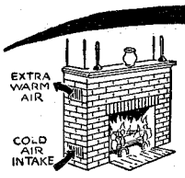

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and directly under the feet of a couple of stewards.

"For God's sake," Mr. Gerguson said he ejaculated at this critical juncture, "where's a drink?"

"The bar is closed, sir," one of the stewards informed him, and Mr. Gerguson said he perceived that the man still harbored suspicion. Mr. Gerguson decided to try a little indignation.

"This is scandalous," he said to the steward with some severity. "I had ordered a drink, and now you tell me the bar is closed."

He upbraided the management without remorse and reduced the two stewards to the point at which they offered to go and wake up a bartender, which was just a little farther than Mr. Gerguson cared to have them go. It was all right, he said; they needn't bother, he would go to his cabin. Both of them offered to assist him.

"I am quite all right," he said he told them. "I need no assistance. I will just take a turn on deck."

Mr. Gerguson went on deck, leaving the stewards chuckling. Making certain that they had not followed him, he pried up the tarpaulin over a life-boat and made that his bed for the night.

He was quite disdainful of the other first-cabin passengers of his sex, we are told. In fact:

"They were a lot of stuffed herrings," said Mr. Gerguson. "I was without evening clothes, but on the dance floor it was easy to see that I was the only interesting-looking man aboard."

Gerguson was discharged from prison in Paris December 9 after completing a term for stowing away on the *Ile de France*. He left prison with a cake of soap, a razor, and a firm determination of returning to the United States. The French Government gave him an additional incentive by issuing an expulsion order against him, and he left Paris December 14, saying he was going to "the nearest and friendliest frontier."

He always has prospered best in the United States, where spats and nonchalance are often an irresistible combination.

And that applies especially to New York, where, as Mr. Johnston remarks in *The New Yorker*, "it is considered more creditable for a man to be a Romanoff by his own efforts than by accident of birth."

We return to *The Herald Tribune* for a bare skeleton of the eventful Gerguson career:

In his youth he went to England on a cattle ship and returned with an Oxford accent, probably first cabin. For some months more than ten years ago he was accepted as an Oxford man at Harvard University, where he added to his polish and an already extraordinary number of I O U's.

Ejected from Harvard Mr. Gerguson went abroad again. Upon his return, at the expense of the United States Lines, along with other passengers who had been unable to convince the French authorities of their American citizenship, Mr. Gerguson said it was no wonder he could offer no convincing proofs. The truth was, he said, he had killed a German of the first water in a duel, and had been imprisoned in that country for the last ten years.

In this country he has traveled from coast to coast, seldom remaining in one city longer than it would take his checks to come back from the furthest bank whose blanks formed part of his extensive collection. He has victimized Hollywood and the Southwest twice, Cambridge, Massachusetts, at least once, and most of the intervening points.

On the infrequent occasions when his checks catch the nimble Mr. Gerguson on the ricochet, he generally manages to laugh the incident off. Many checks otherwise worthless have been made good by acquaintances who either believed in or enjoyed him.

The offense for which he recently completed a term in prison in France, we learn from the *Herald Tribune* account, was "stowing away on the *Ile de France* on the trip which ended here April 25 last." Of which we are told further:

Mr. Gerguson stowed his spare wardrobe in a dog-kennel on the top deck and changed from morning coat to evening dress and vice versa in the dog-kennel, mingling in the proper attire with passengers of the highest degree between changes, and charming them with his reminiscences.

It was only when one of them mentioned the distinguished foreigner to the captain, whose warm friendship Mr. Gerguson had claimed, that he was discovered.

He was sent to Ellis Island, but got permission to come into Manhattan under guard to pick up some belongings. He and an immigration officer visited one drinking-place after another until the immigration officer got worn out and collapsed.

Mr. Gerguson went merrily on, and it was some days before he was recaptured.

Injections for the Drowsy

A WOMAN of forty-five was always tired. She had to sleep about thirteen hours out of the twenty-four, and at last getting up in the morning became an agony.

Four weeks of treatment by injection with gland extract enable her now to get up every morning early with ease. This and other cases of the kind, says Dr. Jean Bonnin in *Je sais tout* (Paris), owe everything to a recent discovery of Dr. Leopold Levi, pioneer of endocrinology in France.

His knowledge of the internal-secretion glands prompted him to experiment until he had tested extracts for sleepy-heads. A suprarenal gland extract seems most potent with those who want to get up early. We read:

An Egyptian woman, in a condition of profound weakness, was able, after fourteen injections of cortico-suprarenal extract, to get up at seven in the morning instead of at ten, a result unattainable hitherto.

A young woman, an invalid, was affected by a persistent sleepiness. She went to bed without waiting to eat her dinner, so intense would be her desire to sleep. A multiglandular treatment, with suprarenal extract, made it easy for her to get up in the morning at a quarter past six, ridding her of her drowsiness besides.

A doctor, having passed his fiftieth year, could not get up early. After a course of treatment through the energy glands—from the ninth medical visit, in fact—he could get up early without difficulty, and at the same time he was freed from nervousness and pain.

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Fake Movie Jungle Fights

WHEN the industrious globe-trotter is planning a lecture on his expedition up the Amazon, or the Kongo, or what have you, he would naturally like to illustrate it with something exciting.

Well, that's where the ghost photographer comes in.

The ghost photographer never strays far from his own fireside, yet his camera ranges over the whole of this planet, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand.

Under the title, "Confessions of a Wild Animal Photographer," Mr. A. H. Fisher has been telling some of his experiences in the Detroit *Sunday News*. For "hours," he relates, "I have waited against the bars of a zoo enclosure while my patience trickled through my shoes and unholy words formed on my lips."

MR. FISHER has also done his stuff in the jungles of South America, but the novelty of the story he tells is bound up in the work he did in artificial jungles, while keeping the home fires burning. And how does his own ghost photography look to him when he sees it on display before a goggle-eyed public? He tells us:

Recently I sat through a round-the-world movie and witnessed the excited reactions of the audience to a scene in the Amazon jungle, where a jaguar, the powerful and fierce feline of the American tropics, won a fight and killed a plucky little species of wild boar about one-third his size.

The fact that I had made this scene a year previously in a man-made jungle in Jersey City, New Jersey, with a milk-loving jaguar, two white-dipped peccaries from Texas, and an obliging lieutenant of police as the principal actors, failed to thrill me. On the contrary, it made me a bit ashamed of having been the "ghost photographer" of this one-sided and visual paragraph of unnatural history.

During this same picture I saw a boa-constrictor, which I had borrowed from one of our leading zoological parks, making its way through the tropical foliage of an equally important botanical garden.

Terrified monkeys shrieked with fear and hatred as they leapt to safety, and how the audience shivered as the explorer, who appeared "in person," shifted the latitude forty degrees southward, likewise these monkeys I had carried from a pet shop in Gotham to the narrow confines of that twelve-by-twenty-foot jungle in Jersey City.

On another occasion I am seated in a large opera-house, while a world traveler thrills his audience with his mighty Amazon and its tributaries.

One by one I see strange denizens of those gloomy forests appear on the screen, and I hear him tell how he left the heads of the huge stinging ants buried in his quivering flesh that he might bring back their pictures to show in America.

This and other adventures I hear him narrate, but since I know he has never traveled in the Amazon country, I am somehow restrained from joining in the full-house applause that comes to him for his courage, fortitude, and skill with the camera.

Being a ghost has its dark moments.

However, I could hardly expect him to say that most of the animal pictures had been made by me in a small zoo in Para, Brazil, or that the ants were a large, harmless species.

HERE Mr. Fisher reminds us that animal photography is an expensive game, and confesses that if he were rich he would make a hobby of it. As things are, he sells the pictures he makes, and doesn't concern himself about what is done with them. But, he adds:

I will now tell you how the picture of the fight between the jaguar and the peccary was made, and from this you may form an opinion of animal thrillers, whether they be of lions killing zebras and occasionally getting a kick in the face for lack of space to avoid them, or tigers getting the worst of battles with water-buffalo and showmen. It is usually the same hokum with variations, according to the size of the animals, the enclosures, and the amount of cruelty.

The huge jaguar I used, as far as I could make out, both from the condition of his teeth and his behavior, was an old man-eater slightly past the prime of two of his nine lives. I have photographed scores of dangerous cats, but this one was as mean a carnivore as has ever exprest a desire to do me harm.

Two peccaries had arrived from Brownsville, Texas, in response to a wire to ship me the biggest and nastiest pair they could dig up—pigs with a desire to stay about a bit longer.

On a vacant lot, just outside a rambling and highly odorous building used for storage by an animal dealer, I built an enclosure, covering sides and bottom with strong welded wire.

It was only twelve by twenty feet in size and eight feet in height; rather a small affair in which to depict a cat approaching the size of a tiger roaming the jungles of Brazil in search of prey.

From near-by hothouses I secured sufficient fresh and truly Brazilian foliage to set the stage. At one end of the enclosure were small openings to accommodate the cameras; at the other end a well-hidden door to permit ingress and egress for the animal actors.

In attendance were a lieutenant of police and an aid to try their luck at big-game hunting in case the jaguar carried a set of burglar tools and broke jail.

WITH everything in readiness, "the jaguar was brought out in a large shifting box that was then lasht against the small entrance. Then the door was opened and into the set walked the large spotted cat." We read on:

The cameras were grinding off negatives at the rate of a foot a second.

In less than thirty seconds after his entrance, the big cat spied me, and with a throaty growl sprang with all his force against the wire, only to be thrown violently back by the rebound of the slack. I had placed great confidence in that thin welded wire, and it was not misplaced. Here was a chance for incompetence to lead to adventure, but only a press agent could break that wire.

Strange as it may seem, this first scene had been a success, as I will later explain.

With the aid of iron bars and ammonia fumes, the jaguar was driven back into his

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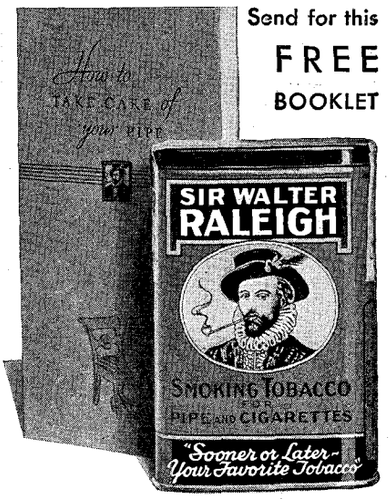

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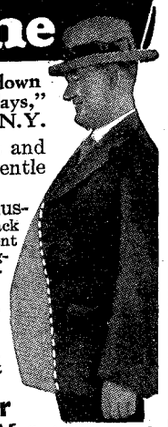

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shifting-box, and the entire appearance of the set changed.

The procedure just described, except for the charge, was repeated three times, and then, with the jaguar safe in the shifting-box, one of the peccaries was shunted into the enclosure. After he was allowed sufficient time to become accustomed to his new environment, various flashes of the game little animal were registered by the cameras.

At this point it is well to consider what will be the effect when all these short scenes so far described are projected on the screen without a halt and in proper sequence. Nothing less than fleeting glimpses of the dreaded jaguar making his stealthy, predatory way through forest glades, punctuated by flashes of a peccary rooting for succulent tubers, all unconscious that his fate is sealed, that violent death is just around the corner.

With the peccary nosing about his newfound home, the door was again opened, and into the center of the stage sprang the jaguar. One never knows what to expect from animals, particularly under abnormal circumstances. In this case the unexpected happened before my unbelieving eyes.

As a preliminary preparation, the jaguar had been deprived of food for two days. However, with the odor of fresh pork in his nostrils and the cause before his eyes, he deliberately sidestept the peccary and retired to a neutral corner. Whether that pig knew he had been put on the spot I can not say, but if there was any yellow inside that arena, it was around the spots of that jaguar. With his tail and every bristle pointing directly to heaven, that spunky little roughneck carried the argument right over to the big cat, and clicked those razorlike teeth in his face.

Over the back of the peccary leapt "Spots," and sought a more quiet space on the other side of the enclosure.

It was at this point that the lieutenant of police played his rôle in the drama. Mr. Fisher "asked him to pull the foliage aside and show his face on the opposite side of the enclosure in direct line with the peccary." Whereupon:

He did, and like a flash that man-hating cat sprang for him. As the huge beast lunged across, the peccary ripped a gash in his hind quarters. This was just too much for the now thoroughly aroused "Spots." He wheeled like a flash, and every squeal went out of that game little porcine warrior in less time than it takes me to record his death.

The following day, in went the other peccary, and here is where I got my thrill, for already I was fed up with what to me was about equivalent to a comic strip.

This second border ruffian was a lady, a veritable virago, and she did her bit in supplying action and plenty of it. She chased that jaguar all over that twenty-by-twelve-foot jungle, and I laughed so hard I could barely turn the crank of my camera. And best of all, dear readers, she still lives. I named her Javatina, and she now is an honored guest at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, with her name on her cage, and everything a peccary requires is hers for the grunting.

When this picture was edited, all the action furnished by Javatina precedes the death of her unfortunate companion. And so there you are, and at least 95 per cent. of those who saw the finished product were satisfied they had been on a little journey to the wilds of Amazonia and witnessed one of its countless jungle tragedies.

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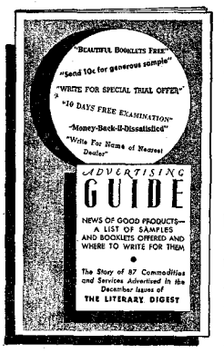
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The Devil Gets His Due at Augsburg

"YOW-EE!" That's what it would be if translated into good Americanese.

Good St. Michael has just finished spearing the devil to death, and a guttural hurrah rings from thousands of childish throats. The elders join in, too, of course, to see the devil at last get his due.

All see the spear, grasped in the hands of mighty St. Michael, descend once, twice, thrice—until the job is done. Then the crowd departs, and the children know that they will see the performance again next year, and every year as long as they live. For St. Michael has been killing the devil annually for 400 years, and it seems probable that he will keep up the good work during the next four centuries. They make quite a to-do about it in Augsburg, the greatest commercial city in Europe during the Middle Ages, and still a sizable town of only a few less than 200,000 inhabitants in whom the devil is more or less interested, as he is also in the inhabitants of the merest village in the United States.

This marvelous spectacle of St. Michael's triumph over his Satanic majesty can be seen four times on the good saint's day in the autumn, Frederick T. Birchall writes in the New York *Times Magazine*, and no child who can walk or be carried would miss it for all that Satan has to offer. The first slaying is done at six o'clock of the evening preceding St. Michael's Day. Then St. Michael takes a rest, and repeats the act at ten o'clock the next morning, and then, having got his second wind, so to speak, he does it again at eleven, and does it all over again at noon. That finishes it for the year.

THE noon show is the greatest of the four, for St. Michael sticks his spear into the Father of Evil once for every time the clock strikes. On the appointed day all the children, accompanied by their elders, gather in the square in front of the Rathaus, on the side of which is St. Michael's Tower, and keep their eyes on the little window above the clock in which the saint appears to do the deed expected of him. Here's the picture:

From the burgomaster's window in the Rathaus the parti-colored sea of child faces and child garments of blue, pink, yellow, brown, and green in every conceivable shade seemed to fill not only the great square itself, four stories below, but to overflow endlessly into every adjacent street from which a view of St. Michael's Tower was obtainable.

And how patient they were! A waiting throng of some forty or fifty thousand American children would have been audible at least half a mile away. From this crowd there arose only a deep murmur such as might come from a hive of bees at swarming time. Every face was turned to the tower window above the great clock; every face betokened excitement and expectancy.

St. Michael, it seems, was summoned by Bishop Ulrich to the aid of Augsburg when it was being besieged by the Huns. Unable to come himself, St. Michael sent Ulrich his mighty spear, at the end of which was a cross. Thereupon the Huns were soundly trounced, and made to behave for a generation or two. All this was remembered in the sixteenth century, when Augsburg became almost fabulously wealthy, and in 1526 it was ordained by the ecclesiastical authorities that on every St. Michael's Day there should be exhibited to the citizens a representation of the good saint in his star act of downing the devil with the sacred spear he lent to Ulrich for use against the Huns.

AND that is what the children of Augsburg are summoned to St. Michael's Tower to see. The hand of the great tower clock approaches twelve, and—look—

The window above the clock opens and there slowly rolls forward from within the Turamichele a beautifully carved and gilded group of two figures, some eight feet high, probably the work of Christopher Murmann, a famous woodcarver of the sixteenth century. The figures are moved by clockwork.

On a tiny platform the fallen Satan lies helpless, while, with one foot upon him, a tall, winged Michael, in golden armor, a cross of brilliants on the gilded helm above his shining curls, raises the great spear above the prostrate Evil One.

'Tis a noble spectacle. Satan's red tongue protrudes to show his inherent wickedness—as if the twisted tail, cloven hoofs, and evil horns of the old archfiend were not evidence enough. He is obviously down and out, yet his eyes have a baleful glare, in great contrast to the noble demeanor of St. Michael, whose face bears an expression of sweet melancholy, as tho to indicate that this is a sad, tho necessary, duty undertaken in no spirit of wrath or vengeance, but solely because it must be. It is just such a look as should, even if it does not, animate the righteous countenance of father in the woodshed as, with slat raised, he remarks to young hopeful:

"This is going to hurt you more than it does me, my son."

Saints are like that.

The clock strikes. Up comes the great spear and down it goes on the chest of the prostrate Evil One with a resounding clang. There must be a bell or something in the wooden figure to produce that sound, for it echoes through the whole square. And from thousands of childish throats up goes a shrill scream of delight. Again the clock strikes, again the good spear comes down, and again the shrieks of the delighted youngsters fill the air.

"Au fein! Heiliger Michael. Au backe!"

"Michel, gib' ihm feste!"

Which being Americanized would become "Yow-ee! Grand, holy Michael! How it hurts!" "Soak him again, Michael!"

But it is quite as emphatic in German.

And so it goes for twelve strokes of the clock and twelve thrusts of the spear. Then the clockwork runs down, the glittering figure rolls back into the embrasure, the window closes, the crowd in the square melts away, and it is all over until St. Michael's Day comes around again.

SORE THROAT?

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That Kilowatt Currency

"SHOCKING," remarks one irreverent letter-writer, in the course of the wide discussion aroused by Dr. Norton's suggestion of an "electric dollar."

And *The American Banker* ties it up with a certain idea that is momentarily the rage to ask "who's technocrazy now?" It further inquires of "Mr. Electric Moneymaker," why not use wheat or railroad tonnage miles instead of gold for money?

But while there is plenty of pleasantry, the financial press are led to give serious criticism to this new idea in a day of new ideas. It is advanced by Prof. John Pease Norton of Suffield, Connecticut, at one of the sessions of the mid-winter meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Atlantic City. A number of distinguished economists heard Dr. Norton suggest that the gold standard could be supplemented by an "electric dollar" or "Edison dollar." This unit would be defined as forty kilowatt hours. A kilowatt hour is convenient, as it is the same in quality and quantity everywhere, and the cost of production varies so little that the new standard of value would have only to be adjusted a little, say every five years.

I WISH THEY'D STEP UP MY VOLTAGE
A SHORT CIRCUIT IN A BANK
PAY DAY
A LIVE WIRE
COUNTERFEIT!
SORRY, BUT CHRISTMAS BLEW A FUSE IN MY PAY CHECK
BILL

Thoughts on the "Electric Dollar"

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

To start the system in operation, said Dr. Norton as quoted in the New York papers, there would have to be legislation "defining the standard of value within the United States as the 'electric dollar' for all transactions or contracts with durations less than five years." As Dr. Norton tells us:

> The "electric dollar," or the "Edison dollar," might be defined as forty kilowatt hours, valuing the average kilowatt hour as 2½ cents. By doing so we will have a real, useful electric measure of value, extremely uniform throughout the United States. Forty kilowatt hours by the definition of the standard of value would become for five years the "electric dollar" in which rents, wages, and prices would be quoted. Corporations would pay wages and dividends in "electric dollars." The volume of currency necessary to do the country's business would come about in this way.

DR. NORTON'S further explanation is taken from the New York *Times:*

> The present bond-secured bank-notes arise by banks depositing gold bonds with the United States Treasury against which bank-notes are issued to the banks and pass into the monetary circulation. Government bonds are futures in gold, a promise by the Government to pay gold at a future date.
>
> In a similar way the electric-light companies would deposit with the United States Treasury futures in kilowatt hours, i.e., their promise to deliver kilowatt hours in the future to an amount fixt in certain manner, against which the United States Treasury would deliver "electric dollars." The bond held by the Government for performance of the ultimate redemption would be a lien ahead of all obligations on the property of the electrical corporations.
>
> The "electric dollars" would go to the electrical companies instead of to the banks, as now, to be paid out in wages, dividends, and in payment of supplies, everywhere in the general circulation, just as bank-note currency is paid out by the banks. Banks would keep checking accounts in "electric dollars" and the gold-paper substitutes would be retired gradually.

Five advantages for the "electric dollar" are listed by Dr. Norton:

1. The security of the electric currency is impregnable;
2. It can be expanded and contracted automatically to control the index number;
3. The kilowatt-hour is a unit standard and uniform throughout the United States, ideal for a short-term standard of value;
4. For a given period, the legal ratios of average ton-mile rates as well as of postage of kilowatt-hour unit can be fixt with ease and justice;
5. Gold is left free for all to use as a standard of value in long-term contracts, or as an international money, or again, for whatever other purposes *Homo sapiens* may deem proper.

THE chief objection offered to the "electric dollars" in Wall Street was that they would have to be distributed through the electric-power companies, according to the New York *Times*, and "to make a particular class of commercial organization, not dealing primarily in credit, the medium through which legal tender was issued would be a matter for grave misgivings." Moreover, continues the writer in *The Times:* "The setting up of two systems of money side by side has always proved to be unhappy, since one kind of money is invariably preferred to the other and, in accordance with Gresham's well-known law, the bad money drives the good money out of circulation."

The New York *Journal of Commerce* similarly fails to be imprest:

> Electricity blest with few of the characteristics that history shows are expected by mankind of its media of exchange. The fact that electrical production has been overdeveloped in many individual localities, and that energy is not readily available because of lack of transmission lines in others, are quite serious objections.
>
> The proposal that the electric-light and power companies go into the banking business, by putting up kilowatt-hour futures against the issuance of currency, ignores one fundamental fact to which many, who have turned recently to monetary theory as an avocation, have given scant attention—that credit and not money is our basic medium of exchange, and that changes in the amount of bank-notes outstanding, short of an out-and-out currency debauch, affect prices little.
>
> If as much mental effort were expended on eliminating artificial barriers to the smooth working of the gold standard as is now spent on devising fanciful substitutes for it, the agitation for changes in our standard of value would soon abate.

More sympathetic is the Louisville *Herald-Post*, which finds Dr. Norton simply offering us "one more reminder that our monetary system is about as far from being up to date as any feature of modern civilization could be." And this Kentucky daily remarks:

> This "electric dollar" of Dr. Norton's is at least a scheme that would bring our currency up to date. We would no longer finance a scientific age with money left over from the early bronze age.
>
> This particular proposal may not, of course, be the one we want; but suggestions of this kind deserve a good deal of serious consideration.

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A Call for Rail Travel Classes

IN the railroads' struggle for more passenger business, it is suggested that they might get somewhere by installing first-, second- and third-class passenger services.

The proposal this time comes from the American Fruit and Vegetable Shippers' Association, and it brings this comment from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

Introduction of classes into travel accommodations for the American public has usually been opposed in the past as undemocratic, but such economic division is recognized in varying accommodations and services such as theater seats, hotels, etc.

The shippers merely suggest that present-day coach service be placed in the third-class category, with fares undercutting bus fares. Many people would rather travel in the faster trains with this service, one surmises, than in the buses. Any one not desiring day-coach accommodations would have to pay for chair-car accommodations in second class and Pullman and chair-car accommodations in first class. It might be that the more fastidious traveling public, unwilling to ride in buses or day coaches, would prefer to pay a little more.

If this plan were to be placed in operation, bus competition would probably become less of a bugaboo, because it is the low rates for bus travel which attract the customers.

Cuba's Lottery Under Fire

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN not long ago made his report on Cuba's revenue system.

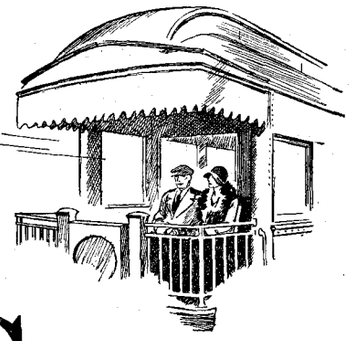
An item among the Columbia economist's recommendations that strikes the editorial eye of the New York *Times* calls for the abolition of the famous Cuban lottery.

Professor Seligman thinks the cost of collection is too high, the revenue is unstable, the distribution of the burden is "utterly unknown," and the lottery "dulls all sense of civic responsibility."

The Times goes on to cite certain facts brought out in the Seligman report:

In August, 1931, a ticket sold for $22. Split into four unequal parts, one went to the ticket distributers, another to cover the expenses of the Lottery Department, a third for the prizes, and the fourth to the general budget as net revenue. The privilege of being a collector costs $200, which goes to the Government. In the boom year 1919–20 the public spent $26,818,000 for lottery tickets; in the depression year of 1930–31 the amount was $16,609,496. The sum of the prizes in the latter year was $10,205,500. The difference, $6,403,996, represented the charge upon the public. In other taxes it paid $71,839,000. The profit of the "colectores," after paying taxes and fines, was $2,155,633. From 1925 to 1931 the general budget received a maximum of $4,766,076, and a minimum of $3,043,901. Drawings are held more than thirty times a year. In the case of the drawing of July 15, 1931, no less than 3,525 of 15,000 tickets offered remained unsold, and the Government was lucky enough to retain the grand prize.

Concerning the odds against a ticket



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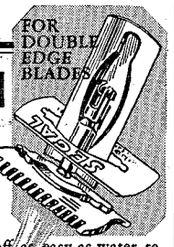

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buyer, Professor Seligman is quoted as saying:

One may indeed win a $100,000 prize, if the lottery offers one as big, but in that case it is just as if over 164,000 consecutively numbered cards were shuffled and spread on the table, and the $1 gambler were asked to pick, on his first draw, a card of a certain number.

In conclusion *The Times* finds "a touch of irony in the suggestion that if the lottery should be retained because other worse forms of gambling would replace it, the Government could easily conduct a lottery as a non-fiscal instrument that would result in no gain to the State. One can imagine the enormous difficulty that Cuba would encounter in an honest effort to do away with a lottery so profitable to the politicians."

The Next Big Job for Our Banks

THE next important task to be set before the great banks of the country will be that of corporate reorganization, predicts the New York *Journal of Commerce*.

We are reminded that during the expansive post-war period, "large national income, supplemented by this credit expansion, created an enormous demand for new securities, so that investment banking houses, both private and those affiliated with commercial banks, were called upon to float upward of $10,000,000,000 of securities annually in more prosperous years."

The great wave of corporate mergers gave more profitable work to investment bankers, and, finally, "the greatest speculative boom on the stock exchanges created a record volume of business for brokerage houses."

Just at present, of course, these institutions have little to do. Investment bankers "find new security offerings acceptable to the relatively small number of institutional and private investors that still have any material volume of funds to place few and far between."

But "as business and financial conditions tend to become stabilized around prevailing levels," it seems to *The Journal of Commerce* that "another major task will arise for the banking mechanism of the country":

That is the financial reorganization of numerous enterprises that are not properly capitalized for a new era of reduced profits.

In many instances, fixt charges will have to be reduced, floating debts funded, maturing obligations extended or converted into new types of securities, etc. Mergers and sales of assets may be necessary to end financial complications in many individual cases. For these tasks a high order of financial ability is required, especially in view of the difficult legal and industrial problems that will complicate efforts to straighten out affairs of many such enterprises.

Any general movement toward industrial reorganization usually requires considerable amounts of new capital. The process of corporate reorganization, therefore, will not get under way on a large scale until the capital market shows a willingness to absorb new securities, especially those that will be given prior security on a larger scale than at present.

Our Next Crop of Millionaires

"DO you know when America will have another crop of millionaires?" The question was posed by a banker of many years' experience, who, according to *Forbes* magazine, answered his own question as follows:

About five years from now. Do you know who they will be? Those who have had money to buy at the absurdly low prices which rule this year.

This financier went on to say that the new millionaire crop "will be increased from the ranks of owners of relatively small concerns that have been able to weather the storm successfully." And as *Forbes* further quotes this unnamed authority:

This depression has proved that colossal size does not necessarily mean strength. A great many individually-owned businesses have been able to adjust themselves to hard times much more promptly and effectively than most of our gigantic corporations. They haven't been burdened with heavy bond indebtedness. They have been more adaptable than the giants.

One Prosperous Country

IN the midst of world-wide depression, searchers are able to find one country which is actually shaking off the burdens of depression and was more prosperous last year than it was the year before. And that country lies on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean—it is Palestine, the holy land of Christian and Jew. As the New York *Evening Post* remarks:

In that little country, not so long ago the scene of bitter strife between Jews and Arabs, it is reported that exports are higher last year than year before, that the unemployment figures are showing an impressive downward curve, that building activity and general industrialization are steadily going forward. At the great annual fair at Tel-Aviv, for example, the number of exhibitors has increased from 300 in 1928 to 1,300 in 1932.

The explanation of this phenomenal state of affairs is that deprest conditions in other countries have caused the immigration of a more substantial class of Jews, and that by resisting whatever impulse there may have been to tighten the ban on immigrants Palestine is now reaping the reward of its liberality through definite economic recovery.

We hope the reports of this situation are fully justified. It is a distinctly bright spot on a none too promising international horizon.

Making Thrift Popular.—A man who believes in looking ahead and preparing for the future says that if you have a girl baby you should begin laying aside money now to support your future son-in-law.—*Portland (Ore.) Journal.*

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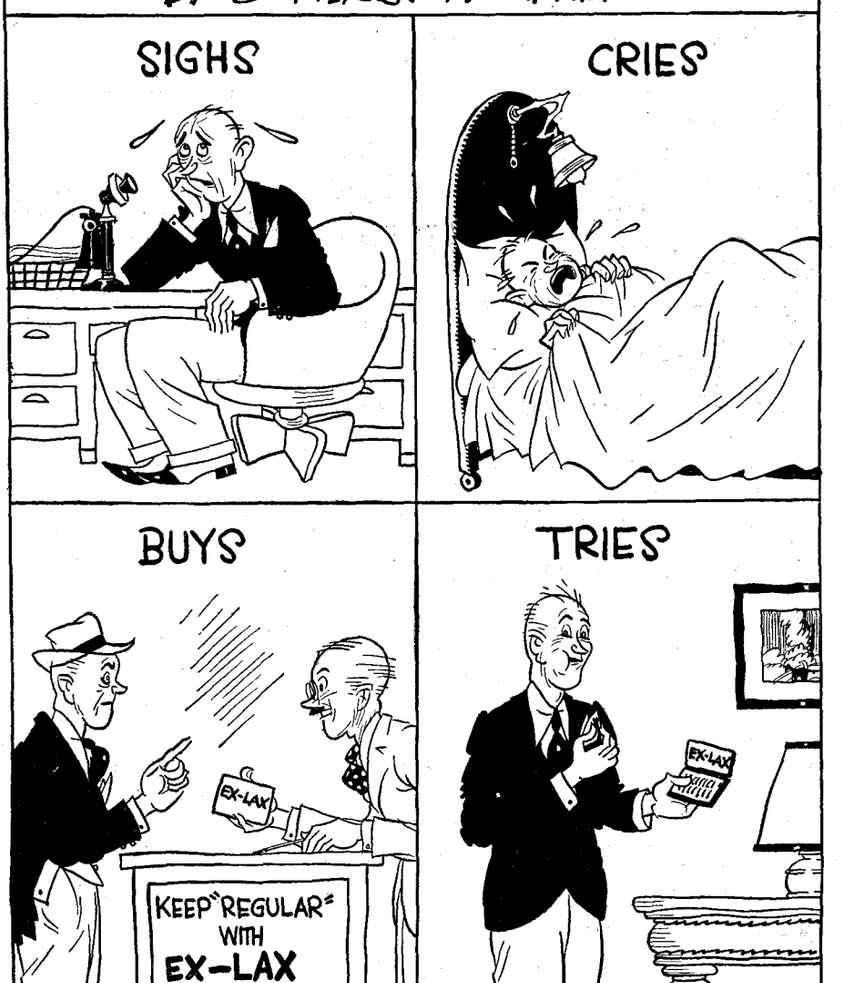
BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

No Lather in It.—BARBER—"Haven't I shaved you before, sir?"

CUSTOMER—"No, I got that scar in France."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Round 'n Round 'n Round.—MR. PETERS—"At last we're out of debt."

MRS. PETERS—"Oh, thank goodness! Now I can get credit again."—*Answers.*

Prestissimo.—NEIGHBOR—"Where's your brother, Freddie?"

FREDDIE—"Aw, he's in the house playing a duet. I finished my part first."—*Pathfinder.*

Zowie!—
It sort'a looks
As if repeal
Had stept on
A banana peel.
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Well Posted.—"Did the palmist tell you the truth about yourself?"

"Yes, but shucks! My wife has been doing that for years."—*Boston Transcript.*

Sizing Up the Crops.—"How did you find things down on the farm this summer? Crops good, I hope."

"Well, father did fairly well on his barbecue, but he just about broke even on his gasoline and oil."—*Hudson Star.*

Good Samaritan.—SHE—"Why did you tell Mrs. Tuff her husband was dead when he had only lost all his money?"

HE—"I thought I'd better break it to her gently."—*Humorist (London).*

Might Throw a Glance.—
He threw a dollar 'cross the stream,
A feat that was a wow;
But if Washington were back again
He wouldn't do it now.
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

It's Hanuary Now in San Hosay.—NEW RESIDENT—"I stopt over in San Juan and"—

OLD RESIDENT—"Pardon me, but you should say San Huan. In California we pronounce our J's like H's."

NEW RESIDENT—"Well, you'll have to give me time. You see, I've been in the State only through Hune and Huly."—*El Padre (San Jose, Calif.)*

Theological Mainspring.—Two ministers were driving in a cab to the station, and were in some anxiety lest they should miss their train. One of them pulled out his watch and discovered it had stopt.

"How annoying!" he exclaimed. "And I always put such faith in that watch!"

"In a case like this," answered the other, "good works would evidently have answered the purpose better."—*Christian Advocate.*

Non-Transferable.—TEACHER—"Tommy, come up here and give me what you've got in your mouth."

TOMMY—"I wish I could—it's the toothache."—*New Haven Register.*

Condensed Geography.—TEACHER—"What are the products of the West Indies?"

BOY.—"I don't know."

"Come, come! Where do you get sugar from?"

"We borrow it from the next-door neighbor."—*El Padre (San Jose, Calif.)*

Passenger: "We can't sit here all day, driver! What are we going to do?"
Driver (fed up): "Well, 'ow about making a nice snowman?"
—"The Humorist" (London).

Half-Portion Dessert.—STAGE MANAGER (discussing chorus girl who has been given a small singing part)—"Well, what do you think of her?"

PRODUCER—"A peach—but no Melba."—*Legion Weekly.*

Land of Nod.—FATHER (at 1 A. M.)—"Is that young man asleep, Marie?"

DAUGHTER—"Hush, Father! He has just asked me to marry him and make him the happiest man in the world."

FATHER—"Just as I thought. Wake him up."—*Legion Weekly.*

Muting the Eats.—Princeton is rife with anecdotes of former President Francis Landy Patton, who has just passed his ninetieth milestone in his island refuge, Bermuda. An alumnus remembers how he once dealt with a class who got on his nerves by shelling peanuts while he was lecturing. He said:

"Young gentlemen, I had hoped before I reached this point in the lecture that the visible supply of peanuts would be exhausted. I realize that these lectures to which you are compelled to listen put a great strain upon you, and I have no desire to interfere with your natural right to seek that refreshment which will enable you to bear up under that strain. But I am a somewhat nervous man, and I must admit that the constant popping of peanuts is somewhat disturbing to me. I wish that in the future you would be willing to substitute some less audible means of refreshment, say spongecake."—*New York Christian Advocate.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

No Bombs, Please.—Show your respect by not obliterating this waiting-room.—*Sign in an Indiana railway station.*

Bong Jour, Mossoo.—
FOREIGN ACCENTS
Improved by Experienced Tutor
—*The Day (New York).*

In the Limelight Now.—Trouble often opens people's eyes to treasurers that they would always have overlooked.—*Unidentified clipping from somewhere in California.*

When the Fur Flew.—Edward H. W——, 35, was killed yesterday in a collision between his cat and that of A. L. G——.—*Bay City (Mich.) Daily Times.*

Wonders of Hollywood.—Cecil De Mille glowed with religious inspiration as he talked—the while the manuscript dipt a hand in the suds, dried it with obsequious tenderness.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Clammy Reception.—
PRESIDENT AND TWO SECRETARIES
POURING OVER THE BRITISH NOTE
—*Batavia (N. Y.) Daily News.*

When the Cows Come Home.—An episode—an after-breakfast taryst—is a specific instance of his wife's alleged forgetfulness of her marital cows, according to the suit filed in Suffolk Superior Court.—*New Bedford Standard Times.*

Yellow-backs?—
LATHROP'S DELICATESSEN
HOME MADE PIES, CAKES, BREAD
AMBER MONEY, 30c QT.
In Your Own Jar
—*La Crescenta Valley (Calif.) Advertiser.*

Ever Try It Cold?—
HOTEL LIDO
Romantic Old Faleron winter season prices slashed running water hot and cold steam
—*Ad in Le Messager d'Alhénes (Greece).*

Otherwise Perfectly Polite.—Mary Ellcock, the housekeeper, said that defendant behaved very well when he first came back home. He abused his father, brother and every one else. He would throw the food from the table to the yard and smash the ware. One Sunday he came into the kitchen and threw water in the fire. He then threatened to kill the father, brother and her.—*Barbadoes (B. W. I.) Advocate.*

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